

# RANDOM PD ENCYCLOPEDIA - A

Selected entries from Project Gutenberg's *The New Gresham Encyclopedia. Vol. 1 Part 1*, by Various

**ADAMS**, John, second president of the United States, was born at Braintree (now Quincy), Massachusetts, 19th Oct., 1735. He was educated at Harvard University, and adopted the law as a profession. His attention was directed to politics by the question as to the right of the English Parliament to tax the colonies, and in 1765 he published some essays strongly opposed to the claims of the mother country. As a member of the new American congress in 1774, 1775, and 1776 he was strenuous in his opposition to the home Government, and in organizing the various departments of the colonial Government. On 13th May, 1776, he seconded the motion for a declaration of independence proposed by Lee of Virginia, and was appointed a member of committee to draw it up. The declaration was actually drawn up by Jefferson, but it was Adams who fought it through Congress. In 1778 he went to France on a special mission, but soon came back and again returned, and for nine years resided abroad as representative of his country in France, Holland, and England. After taking part in the peace negotiations he was appointed, in 1785, the first ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James. He was recalled in 1788, and the following year elected vice-president of the republic under Washington. In 1792 he was re-elected vice-president, and at the following election in 1797 he became president in succession to Washington. The commonwealth was then divided into two parties, the Federalists, who favoured aristocratic and were suspected of monarchic views, and the Republicans. Adams adhered to the former party, with which his views of government had always been in accordance, but the real leader of the party was Hamilton, with whom Adams did not agree, and who tried to prevent his election. His term of office proved a stormy one, which broke up and dissolved the Federalist party. His re-election in 1801 was again opposed by the efforts of Hamilton, which ended in effecting the return of the Republican candidate Jefferson. Thus it happened that when Adams retired from office his influence and popularity with both parties were at an end, and he sunk at once into the obscurity of private life. He had the consolation, however, of living to see his son president. He died 4th July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of independence, and on the same day as Jefferson. His works have been ably edited by his grandson Charles Francis Adams.

**ADAMS**, John Couch, English astronomer, born 1819, died 1892, studied at Cambridge, and was senior wrangler in 1843. His investigations into the irregularities in the motion of the planet Uranus led him to the conclusion that they must be caused by another more distant planet, and the results of his labours were communicated in September and October, 1845, to Professor Challis and Airy the Astronomer Royal. The French astronomer Leverrier had by this time been engaged in the same line of research, and had come to

substantially the same results, which, being published in 1846, led to the actual discovery of the planet Neptune by Galle of Berlin. In 1858 Adams was professor of mathematics at Aberdeen University, and in 1859 was appointed Lowndean professor of astronomy and geometry at Cambridge.

**ADAMS**, John Quincy, sixth president of the United States, son of John Adams, second president, was born 11th July, 1767. Accompanying his father to Europe he received part of his education there, but graduated at Harvard in 1788. Having adopted the legal profession, in 1791 he was admitted to the bar. He now began to take an active interest in politics, and some letters that he wrote having attracted general attention, in 1794 Washington appointed him minister to the Hague. He afterwards was sent to Berlin, and also on a mission to Sweden. In 1798 he received a commission to negotiate a treaty of commerce with Sweden. On the accession of Jefferson to the presidency in 1801 he was recalled. The Federalist party (that of his father), which was now declining, had sufficient influence in Massachusetts to elect him to the senate in 1803. On an important question of foreign policy, that of embargo, he abandoned his party, and having lost his re-election on this account, he retired to the professorship of rhetoric at Cambridge, which he held from 1806 to 1809. In 1809 he went as ambassador to Russia. He assisted in negotiating the peace of 1814 with England, and was afterwards appointed resident minister at London. Under Monroe as president he was secretary of state, and at the expiration of Monroe's double term of office he succeeded him in the presidency (1825). He was not very successful as president, and at the end of his term (1829) he was not re-elected. In 1831 he was returned to Congress by Massachusetts, and continued to represent this State till his death, his efforts being now chiefly on behalf of the Abolitionist party. He died 21st Feb., 1848.

**ALEMBERT** ([.a]-l[.a][n.]-b[=a]r), Jean le Rond d', a French mathematician and philosopher, born in Paris, 16th Nov., 1717, and died there 29th Oct., 1783. He was the illegitimate son of Madame de Tencin and Chevalier Destouches, and was exposed at the Church of St. Jean le Rond (hence his name) soon after birth. He was brought up by the wife of a poor glazier, and with her he lived for more than forty years. His parents never publicly acknowledged him, but his father settled upon him an income of 1200 livres. He showed much quickness in learning, entered the College Mazarin at the age of twelve, and studied mathematics with enthusiasm and success, but received little encouragement from his teachers. Having left college he studied law and became an advocate, but did not practise, and long continued to occupy himself with mathematics, in which he made immense advances by his own efforts, often arriving at results that other mathematicians had previously arrived at unknown to him. A pamphlet on the motion of solid bodies in a fluid, and another on the integral calculus, which he laid before the Academy of Sciences in 1739 and 1740, showed him in so favourable a light that the Academy received him in 1741 into the number of its members. He soon after published his famous work on dynamics,

Traité de Dynamique (1743) and another work dealing with fluids, Traité des Fluides. His Réflexion sur la cause générale des vents was also a work that added to D'Alembert's reputation. He also took a part in the investigations which completed the discoveries of Newton respecting the motion of the heavenly bodies, and published at intervals various important astronomical dissertations--on the perturbations of the planets, for instance, and on the precession of the equinoxes--as well as on other subjects. He also took part, with Diderot and others, in the celebrated Encyclopédie in 33 vols., for which he wrote the Discours Préliminaire, as well as many philosophical and almost all the mathematical articles. Literature, history, and philosophy also received attention from him, and his Éléments de Philosophie (1759), in which he agrees with the theories of Condillac and Locke, was a work of much value. His great philosophical aim seems to have been the idea of secularizing morality upon a rational basis. Among his miscellaneous works are Mélanges de Philosophie, d'Histoire, et de Littérature; Traduction de quelques Morceaux choisis de Tacite; Sur la Destruction des Jésuites; Histoire des Membres de l'Académie Française; Éléments de Musique théorique et pratique. He received an invitation from the Russian empress Catherine II to go to St. Petersburg (now Petrograd) as tutor to her son, a very large sum being offered; and Frederick the Great invited him to settle in Berlin, but in vain. From Frederick, however, he accepted a pension, and he also paid a visit to Berlin. There was an intimate friendship between him and Voltaire. He never married, but he was on terms of the closest friendship with Madame L'Espinasse, and they occupied the same house for a number of years. He was held in high esteem by David Hume, who left him a legacy of £200.

**ALGE'RIA**, a French dependency in N. Africa, having on the north the Mediterranean, on the east Tunis, on the west Morocco, and on the south the Desert of Sahara; area, 122,878 sq. miles, or including the Algerian Sahara 343,500. The country is divided into three departments--Algiers, Oran, and Constantine. The coastline is about 550 miles in length, steep and rocky, and though the indentations are numerous, the harbours are much exposed to the north wind. The country is traversed by the Atlas Mountains, two chains of which--the Great Atlas, bordering on the Sahara, and the Little, or Maritime Atlas, between it and the sea--run parallel to the coast, the former attaining a height of 7000 feet. The intervals are filled with lower ranges, and numerous transverse ranges connect the principal ones and run from them to the coast, forming elevated tablelands and enclosed valleys. The rivers are numerous, but many of them are mere torrents rising in the mountains near the coast. The Shelif is much the largest. Some of the rivers are largely used for irrigation, and artesian wells have been sunk in some places for the same purpose. There are, both on the coast and in the interior, extensive salt lakes or marshes (Shotts), which dry up to a great extent in summer. The country bordering on the coast, called the Tell, is generally hilly, with fertile valleys; in some places a flat and fertile plain extends between the hills and the sea. In the east there are Shotts that sink below the sea-level, and into these it has been proposed

to introduce the waters of the Mediterranean. The climate varies considerably according to elevation and local peculiarities. There are three seasons: winter from November to February, spring from March to June, and summer from July to October. The summer is very hot and dry. In many parts of the coast the temperature is moderate and the climate so healthy that Algeria is now a winter resort for invalids.

The chief products of cultivation are wheat, barley, and oats, tobacco, cotton, wine, silk, and dates. Early vegetables, especially potatoes and pease, are exported to France and England. A fibre called \_alfa\_, a variety of esparto, which grows wild on the high plateaux, is exported in large quantities. Cork is also exported. There are valuable forests, in which grow various sorts of pines and oaks, ash, cedar, myrtle, pistachio-nut, mastic, carob, &c. The Australian \_Eucalyptus glob[us]\_ (a gum tree) has been successfully introduced. Agriculture often suffers much from the ravages of locusts. Among wild animals are the lion, panther, hyena, and jackal; the domestic quadrupeds include the horse, the mule, cattle, sheep, and pigs (introduced by the French). Algeria possesses valuable minerals, including iron, copper, lead, sulphur, zinc, antimony, marble (white and red), phosphate, and lithographic stone.

The trade of Algeria has greatly increased under French rule, France, Spain, and England being the countries with which it is principally carried on, and three-fourths of the whole being with France. The exports (besides those mentioned above) are olive-oil, raw hides, wood, wool, tobacco, oranges, &c.; the imports, manufactured goods, wines, spirits, coffee, &c. The manufacturing industries are unimportant, and include morocco leather, carpets, muslins, and silks. French money, weights, and measures are generally used. The chief towns are Algiers, Oran, Constantine, Bona, and Tlemsen. There are about 2800 miles of railways opened; there is also a considerable network of telegraph lines.

The two principal native races inhabiting Algeria are Arabs and Berbers. The former are mostly nomads, dwelling in tents and wandering from place to place, though a large number of them are settled in the Tell, where they carry on agriculture and have formed numerous villages. The Berbers, here called Kabyles, are the original inhabitants of the territory and still form a considerable part of the population. They speak the Berber language, but use Arabic characters in writing. The Jews form a small but influential part of the population. Various other races also exist. Except the Jews, all the native races are Mahommedans. There are now a considerable number of French and other colonists, provision being made for granting them concessions of land on certain conditions. There are over 260,000 colonists of French origin in Algeria, and over 200,000 colonists natives of other European countries (chiefly Spaniards and Italians). Algeria is governed by a governor-general, who is assisted by a council appointed by the French Government. The settled portion of the country, in the three departments of Algiers, Constantine, and Oran, is treated much as if it were a part of France, and each department sends two deputies and one senator to the

French chambers. The rest of the territory is under military rule. The colony costs France a considerable sum every year. Pop. of Algeria proper in 1911, 5,523,449; of the Algerian Sahara, 40,379.

The country now called Algeria was known to the Romans as Numidia. It flourished greatly under their rule, and early received the Christian religion. It was conquered by the Vandals in A.D. 430-1, and recovered by Belisarius for the Byzantine Empire in 533-4. About the middle of the seventh century it was overrun by the Saracens. The town of Algiers was founded about 935 by Yussef Ibn Zeiri, and the country was subsequently ruled by his successors and the dynasties of the Almoravides and Almohades. After the overthrow of the latter, about 1269, it broke up into a number of small independent territories. The Moors and Jews, who were driven out of Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella at the end of the fifteenth century, settled in large numbers in Algeria, and revenged themselves on their persecutors by the practice of piracy. On this account various expeditions were made by Spain against Algeria, and by 1510 the greater part of the country was made tributary. A few years later the Algerians invited to their assistance the Turkish pirate Horush (or Haruj) Barbarossa, who made himself Sultan of Algiers in 1516, but was not long in being taken by the Spaniards and beheaded. His brother and successor put Algiers under the protection of Turkey (about 1520), and organized the system of piracy which was long the terror of European commerce, and was never wholly suppressed till the French occupation. Henceforth the country belonged to the Turkish Empire, though from 1710 the connection was little more than nominal. The depredations of the Algerian pirates were a continual source of irritation to the Christian Powers, who sent a long series of expeditions against them. For instance, in 1815 a United States fleet defeated an Algerian one and forced the Dey to agree to a peace in which he recognized the American flag as inviolable. In 1816 Lord Exmouth with an English fleet bombarded Algiers, and exacted a treaty by which all the Christian slaves were at once released, and the Dey undertook for the future to treat all his prisoners of war as the European law of nations demanded. But the piratical practices of the Algerians were soon renewed.

At last the French determined on more vigorous measures, and in 1830 sent a force of over 40,000 men against the country. Algiers was speedily occupied, the Dey retired, and the country was without a government, but resistance was organized by Abd-el-Kader, an Arab chief whom the emergency had raised up. He began his warlike career of fifteen years by an attack on Oran in 1832, and after an obstinate struggle the French, in Feb., 1834, consented to a peace, acknowledging him as ruling over all the Arab tribes west of the Shelif by the title of Emir of Maskara. War was soon again renewed with varying fortune, and in 1837, in order to have their hands free in attacking Constantine, the French made peace with Abd-el-Kader, leaving to him the whole of Western Algeria except some coast towns. Constantine was now taken, and the subjugation of the province of Constantine followed. Meanwhile Abd-el-Kader was preparing for another conflict, and in Nov., 1838, he suddenly broke into French territory with a

strong force, and for a time the supremacy of the French was endangered. Matters took a more favourable turn for them when General Bugeaud was appointed governor-general in Feb., 1841. In the autumn of 1841 Saida, the last fortress of Abd-el-Kader, fell into his hands, after which the only region that held out against the French was that bordering on Morocco. Early in the following year this also was conquered, and Abd-el-Kader found himself compelled to seek refuge in the adjoining empire. From Morocco Abd-el-Kader twice made a descent upon Algeria, on the second occasion defeating the French in two battles; and in 1844 he even succeeded in raising an army in Morocco to withstand the French. Bugeaud, however, crossed the frontier, and inflicted a severe defeat on this army, while a French fleet bombarded the towns on the coast. The Emperor of Morocco was at length compelled to agree to a treaty, in which he not only promised to refuse Abd-el-Kader his assistance, but even engaged to lend his assistance against him. Reduced to extremities Abd-el-Kader surrendered on 27th Dec., 1847, and was at first taken to France a prisoner, but was afterwards released on his promise not to return to Algeria. The country was yet far from subdued. The Kabyles, and the Arabs in the south, made protracted resistance, and rose again and again against the yoke which it was attempted to impose upon them. The numerous risings that successively took place thus rendered Algeria a school for French generals, such as Pélissier, Canrobert, St. Arnaud, and MacMahon. In 1864 MacMahon succeeded Pélissier as governor-general, and had as his first work to put down an insurrection. About this time the Emperor Napoleon III, who had visited the colony, introduced considerable modifications into the government, recognizing that the native races had grievances to complain of, and that the French rulers were in various ways astray in the methods of government adopted. Fresh disturbances broke out in the south nearly every year till 1871, when, owing to the Franco-Prussian war, a great effort was made to throw off the French yoke, the colony being nearly denuded of French soldiers. It was, however, completely suppressed, and in order to remove what was believed to be one principal cause of the frequent insurrections, a civil government was established instead of the military government in the northern parts of the colony. The southern parts, inhabited by nomadic tribes, are still subject to military rule. When the French took in hand the occupation of Tunis, a rising took place (in 1881) in the west of Algeria, under a chieftain who was able to inflict some loss and damage on the French forces and colonists, but with no permanent result. Since then quietness has generally prevailed in the colony, where the French, however, continue to maintain a considerable military force. Owing to this and other expenditure Algeria has always formed a burden on the resources of France. The great aid rendered by Algeria to France during the European War led the French Government to introduce new laws. The law of 4th Feb., 1919, gives French citizenship to all Algerian natives under certain conditions.--BIBLIOGRAPHY: M. D. Stott, *The Real Algeria*; Sir R. Lambert Playfair, *Handbook for Travellers in Algeria* (Murray's Handbooks).

**ALOE** (al'[=o]), the name of a number of plants belonging to the genus *Aloë* (ord. *Liliaceæ*), some of which are not more than a few inches, whilst others are 30 feet and upwards in height; natives of South Africa and Socotra; leaves fleshy, thick, and more or less spinous at the edges or extremity; flowers with a tubular corolla. Some of the larger kinds are of great use, the fibrous parts of the leaves being made into cordage, fishing nets and lines, cloth, &c. The inspissated juice of several species is used in medicine, under the name of *\_aloes\_*, forming a bitter purgative. The medicinal value of bitter aloes was known to the Greeks in the fourth century B.C. According to the Arabian historian Edrisi, the occupation of Socotra by the Macedonians was due to Aristotle's persuading Alexander the Great to secure the monopoly of the supplies of the drug. The drug is said to have been commended to Alfred the Great by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, but a direct trade in it between Socotra and Britain was opened only in the seventeenth century. The principal drug-producing species are the Socotrine aloe (*\_A. Socotr[=i]na\_*); the Barbados aloe (*\_A. vulg[=a]ris\_*), first imported into Britain in 1693; the Cape aloe (*\_A. spic[=a]ta\_*), 1780; and Natal aloes, 1870; &c. A beautiful violet colour is yielded by the leaves of the Socotrine aloe. The American aloe (see *\_Agave\_*) is a different plant altogether; as are also the aloes or lign-aloes of Scripture, which are supposed to be the *\_Aquilaria Agall[()]ochum\_*, or aloes-wood (q. v.). *\_Aloe fibre\_* is obtained from species of *Aloë*, *Agave*, *Yucca*, &c., and is made into coarse fabrics, ropes, &c.

**AL'VA, or AL'BA**, Ferdinand Alvarez, Duke of, Spanish statesman and general under Charles V and Philip II, was born in 1508; early embraced a military career, and fought in the wars of Charles V in France, Italy, Africa, Hungary, and Germany. He is more especially remembered for his bloody and tyrannical government of the Netherlands (1567-73), which had revolted, and which he was commissioned by Philip II to reduce to entire subjection to Spain. Among his first proceedings was to establish the 'Council of Blood', a tribunal which condemned, without discrimination, all whose opinions were suspected, and whose riches were coveted. The present and absent, the living and the dead, were subjected to trial and their property confiscated. Many merchants and mechanics emigrated to England; people by hundreds of thousands abandoned their country. The Counts of Egmont and Horn, and other men of rank, were executed, and William and Louis of Orange had to save themselves in Germany. The most oppressive taxes were imposed, and trade was brought completely to a standstill. As a reward for his services to the faith the Pope presented him with a consecrated hat and sword, a distinction previously conferred only on princes. Resistance was only quelled for a time, and soon the provinces of Holland and Zealand revolted against his tyranny. A fleet which was fitted out at his command was annihilated, and he was everywhere met with insuperable courage. Hopeless of finally subduing the country he asked to be recalled, and accordingly, in Dec., 1573, Alva left the country, in which, as he himself boasted, he had executed 18,000 men. He was received with distinction in

Madrid, but did not long enjoy his former credit. He had the honour, however, before his death (which took place in 1582) of reducing all Portugal to subjection to his sovereign. It is said of him that during sixty years of warfare he never lost a battle and was never taken by surprise.

---

Apple recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Breakfast, Luncheon and Tea*, by Marion Harland

## **APPLE TRIFLE.**

1 dozen tender pippins of fine flavor.  
1 large cup of sugar, for custard—one—smaller—for apples.  
1 scant quart rich milk.  
4 eggs.  
Juice and half the grated peel of 1 lemon.  
1 pint of cream, whipped up with a little powdered sugar.

Slice the apples; put them in an earthenware or glass jar; cover lightly and set in a kettle of warm water. Bring to a boil, and cook gently until the apples are tender and clear. Beat to a pulp, sweeten with the smaller cup of sugar; add lemon-juice and rind, and put them into a glass dish. Make a custard of milk, sugar and eggs; boil until it thickens up well, and let it get perfectly cold. Cover the apple compote with it, spoonful by spoonful. The apple should be cold and stiff, or it may rise to the top of the custard. Lastly, pile the whipped cream over all.

## **BAKED APPLE PUDDING. +**

6 or 7 fine juicy apples, pared and sliced.  
Slices of stale baker's bread, buttered.  
½ pound citron, shred thin.  
Grated peel of half a lemon, and a little cinnamon.  
1 cup light, brown sugar.

Cut the crust from the bread; butter it on both sides, and fit a layer in the bottom of a buttered mould. Lay sliced apple over this, sprinkle with citron; strew sugar and a little of the seasoning over all, and put the next layer of bread. The slices of bread should be not quite half an inch thick. Butter the uppermost layer very abundantly. Cover the mould or dish, and bake an hour and a half.

Turn out and eat with pudding-sauce.



**ASPARAGUS SOUP.**--Take a good-sized bundle (about fifty large heads) of asparagus, and after a thorough cleansing throw them into a saucepan of boiling water that has been salted. When the tops become tender, drain off the asparagus and throw it into cold water, as by this means we retain the bright green colour; when cold cut off all the best part of the green into little pieces, about half an inch long, then put the remainder of the asparagus--the stalk part--into a saucepan, with a few green onions and a few sprigs of parsley, with about a quart of stock or water; add a teaspoonful of pounded sugar and a very little grated nutmeg. Let this boil till the stalks become quite tender, then rub the whole through a wire sieve and thicken the soup with a little white roux, and colour it a bright green with some spinach extract. Now add the little pieces cut up, and let the whole simmer gently, and serve fried or toasted bread with the soup.

**APPLE SAUCE.**--Peel say a dozen apples; cut them into quarters; and be very careful in removing all the core, as many a child is choked through carelessness in this respect. Stew the apples in a little water till they become a pulp, placing with them half a dozen cloves and half a dozen strips of the yellow part only of the outside of the rind of a fresh lemon of the size and thickness of the thumb-nail; sweeten with brown sugar, that known as Porto Rico being the most economical. Add a small piece of butter before serving.

**ARTICHOKE SALAD.**--This applies to French artichokes, not Jerusalem. In France, artichokes are often served raw for breakfast, on a plate, with a little heap of chopped raw onion and another heap of chopped capers or parsley. The Frenchman mixes a little oil or vinegar on his plate, adding the onion, &c., according to his taste. The leaves are pulled off one by one, the white stalk part dipped in this dressing, and then eaten, by being drawn through the teeth. The artichoke bottom is reserved for the finish as a bon bouche, something like a schoolboy who will eat all the pastry round a jam tart, leaving the centre for the finale.

**AYOLI.**--This is a dish almost peculiar to the South of France. Soak some crusts of bread in water, squeeze them dry, and add two cloves of garlic chopped fine, six blanched almonds, also chopped very fine, and a yolk of an egg; mix up the whole into a smooth paste with a little oil.

---

278. =**Aspic de Foie Gras**.= Heat three pints of consommé (Art. 1), to which add three ounces of gelatine, a branch of tarragon, a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, and two wineglasses of madeira (or sherry). Simmer gently, and, when your gelatine is dissolved, remove your saucepan to the side of the range. Mix the whites of four eggs with a glass of cold water, and add them to your jelly, also the juice of a lemon; stir until thoroughly mixed. Simmer gently at the side of the range for half an hour, then strain through a flannel several times, or until perfectly clear. Take a round mold with a hole in the middle, place it on the top of some cracked ice, and pour in the bottom a few tablespoonfuls of jelly. When stiff, decorate it with truffles and the whites of hard-boiled eggs, cut in any fancy form which pleases you, then put on top another layer of jelly, let it stiffen, then add a layer of pâté de foie gras cut in pieces, then another layer of jelly, and so on, in the same manner, until your mold is filled, then put it on the ice for an hour. Then turn out your jelly on a dish, and put in the middle a sauce remoulade (cold, Art. 109), or sauce ravigote (cold, Art. 112), or sauce tartare (114). Instead of pâté de foie gras, slices of cold chicken, turkey, sweetbreads, or lobster may be used. The receipt for this jelly is given as it is generally made in this country, where gelatine is much used.

279. =**Aspic**= (another manner of making it). Cut in slices two onions and a carrot, put them in a saucepan on the fire, with two cloves, two pepper-corns, two bay-leaves, a branch of thyme, a few very thin slices of ham on top, four pounds of a knuckle of veal, two pounds of the lean part of a shin of beef, half a glass of water, and the remains of cold chicken or turkey. When beginning to color, moisten with three quarts of consommé (Art. 1), add two calf's feet, which you have boiled ten minutes in boiling water. Simmer very gently for four hours, remove all grease, and strain it through a flannel. Put it back again on the fire, mix the whites of four eggs with a glass of water, add it to your stock, also adding three wineglasses of sherry. Simmer gently at the back of the range for half an hour, strain it through a flannel until perfectly clear, and put it on the ice. This receipt is given in the manner in which aspic is made in France.

---

# APRIL

from Project Gutenberg's *Astronomy for Young Folks*, by Isabel Martin Lewis

In the early evening hours of April the western sky is still adorned with the brilliant jewels with which we became familiar on the clear frosty evenings of winter. Orion is now sinking fast to his rest beneath the western horizon. Beautiful, golden Capella in Auriga glows in the northwest. Sirius sparkles and scintillates, a magnificent diamond of the sky, just above the southwestern horizon, while Procyon in Canis Minor, The Lesser Dog, and Castor and Pollux, The Twins, in the constellation of Gemini, are still high in the western part of the heavens.

In the northeast and east may be seen the constellations that will be close to the meridian at this time next month. Ursa Major, The Greater Bear, with its familiar Big Dipper, is now in a favorable position for observation. The Sickle in Leo is high in the eastern sky, and Spica, the brilliant white diamond of the evening skies of spring, is low in the southeast in Virgo.

Near the meridian this month we find between Auriga and Ursa Major, and east of Gemini, the inconspicuous constellation of Lynx, which contains not a single bright star and is a modern constellation devised simply to fill the otherwise vacant space in circumpolar regions between Ursa Major and Auriga.

[Illustration: APRIL--CANCER]

Just south of the zenith at this time, and lying between Gemini and Leo, is Cancer, The Crab, the most inconspicuous of all the zodiacal constellations. There are no bright stars in this group, and there is also nothing distinctive about the grouping of its faint stars, though we can readily find it, from its position between the two neighboring constellations of Gemini and Leo by reference to the chart.

In the position indicated there we will see on clear evenings a faint, nebulous cloud of light, which is known as Praesepe, The Beehive, or as The Manger, the two faint stars flanking it on either side being called Aselli, The Asses. This faint cloud can be easily resolved by an opera-glass into a coarse cluster of stars that lie just beyond the range of the unaided human vision.

To the ancients, Praesepe served as an indicator of weather conditions, and Aratus, an ancient astronomer, wrote of this cluster:

"A murky manger, with both stars

Shining unaltered, is a sign of rain.  
If while the northern ass is dimmed  
By vaporous shroud, he of the south gleam radiant,  
Expect a south wind; the vaporous shroud and radiance  
Exchanging stars, harbinger Boreas."

This was not entirely a matter of superstition, as we might possibly imagine, for the dimness of the cluster is simply an indication that vapor is gathering and condensing in the atmosphere, just as a ring around the moon is an indication of the same gathering and condensation of vapor that precedes a storm.

Some centuries ago the sun reached its greatest distance north of the equator--which occurs each year at the beginning of summer--at the time when it was passing through the constellation of Cancer. Our tropic of Cancer, which marks the northern limit of the torrid zone, received its name from this fact. At the time when the sun reaches the point farthest north, its height above the horizon changes very little from day to day, and for a short time it appears to be slowly crawling sideways through the heavens, as a crab walks, and for this reason, possibly, the constellation was called Cancer, The Crab. At the present time the "Precession of the Equinoxes," or westward shifting of the vernal equinox--the point where the sun crosses the equator going north in the spring--brings the sun, when it is farthest north, in Gemini instead of in Cancer. At the present time, then it would be more accurate to speak of the tropic of Gemini, though this in turn would be inaccurate after a lapse of centuries, as the sun passed into another constellation at the beginning of summer. The tropic of Capricorn, which marks the farthest southern excursions of the sun in its yearly circuit of the heavens, should also more appropriately be called the tropic of Sagittarius, as the sun is now in Sagittarius instead of Capricornus at the time when it is farthest south, though the point is slowly shifting westward into Scorpio.

Mythology tells us that Cancer was sent by Juno to distract Hercules by pinching his toes while he was contending with the many-headed serpent in the Lernean swamp. Hercules, the legend says, crushed the crab with a single blow, and Juno by way of reward placed it in the heavens.

In Cancer, according to the belief of the Chaldeans, was located the "gate of men," by which souls descended into human bodies, while in Capricornus was the "gate of the gods," through which the freed souls of men returned to heaven.

[Illustration: APRIL--HYDRA]

Hydra, the many-headed serpent with which Hercules contended, is

represented by a constellation of great length. It extends from a point just south of Cancer, where a group of faint stars marks the heads, to the south and southeast in a long line of faint stars. It passes in its course just south of Crater and Corvus, the two small star-groups below Leo (see constellations for May), which are sometimes called its riders, and it also stretches below the entire length of the long, straggling constellation of Virgo. At this time we can trace it only to the point where it disappears below the horizon in the southeast. It contains but one bright star, Alphard, or Cor Hydrae as it is also called, standing quite alone and almost due south at this time. Hydra, as well as Lynx and Cancer, contains no noteworthy or remarkable object and consists chiefly of faint stars. Alphard is, in fact, the only bright star that we have in the constellations for this month. It chances that these three inconspicuous star-groups, Lynx, Crater, and Hydra, lie nearest to the meridian at this time, separating the brilliant groups of winter from those of the summer months.

[Illustration: APRIL--LYNX]

---

## THE ASTERS.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Birds and Nature*, Vol. VIII, No. 2, September 1900, by Various

The mythical origin of the Asters is set forth in an old Greek story, which states that after the gods had abandoned the earth, because of the crimes and dissensions that came with the Brazen Age, Astraea, the goddess of innocence and purity, alone remained, endeavoring to redeem the degenerate race of mortals. She, too, finally left, and became known among the stars as the constellation Virgo, or the Virgin. After the wrath of Jupiter had been appeased by the destruction of the earth by water, Virgo, noticing that the summit of Mount Parnassus had alone escaped the flood, planted there a seed, whose flowers should reflect the azure hue of her new home and whose heart should typify the Golden Age that some day will come again to mankind. This plant, Virgo destined as a symbol of her mission of purity and so she gave it her early name, Astraea or Aster. That the plants might bloom for all races of men, Zephyrus, the lover of Flora, queen of the flowers, took the seeds and distributed them throughout the earth from polar snows to the sun-kissed lands of the equator. Hence it is that the Aster, in some of its varied forms, is found in all countries, over two hundred and fifty species being known to botanists. Although the plant is cosmopolitan, it is essentially an American form, one hundred and fifty of the total known species belonging to North America. Of the balance, Russia claims twenty, Europe ten and Canada sixty or seventy.

It seems as though Nature, after the first blush of spring, relaxed her efforts for a supreme endeavor towards the close of the floral season. Then she assumes her festal robes and the woodlands and fields become gorgeous with the purple of the Asters, the gold of the sunflowers and golden-rod, with here and there the cardinal and blue of the lobelias.

Among all this symphony of color, no plant is more lavish of its charms than the New England Aster (*Aster Novae Anglae*). Botanically considered, the Asters belong to the Compositae, a family of plants including from ten to twelve thousand species and characterized by large numbers of flowers, crowded together into single heads, each of which gives the impression of a single flower. What appear to be petals, are known as ray flowers and give the characteristic color, as the purple, blue or white of the Aster or the yellow of the Sunflower. These rays consist of flowers, whose petals have been joined together and spread out flat, the points of the petals usually appearing on the end of the ray. In the case of the Asters, the ray flowers, which occur in a single row, are pistillate or have a pistil and no stamens and hence are capable of producing seeds. The center or disk flowers are tubular, yellow in color and perfect, containing both stamens and pistils. The heads are surrounded by an involucre, having leaf-like tips and are variously massed or branched along the stems of the plant.

With few exceptions, the Asters are perennial, coming up each year from the old underground portions and flowering in autumn. They vary in height from a few inches to eight feet or more, but in the case of the New England Aster, the completed growth is generally from two to seven or eight feet. This species has a stout and somewhat hairy stem clothed with many leaves which are pointed, have entire edges and a clasping base. The ray flowers in the common form are purple, but in the two varieties of the species, they are rose-purple or white.

The plant derives its name from the fact that its general distribution in the Eastern States together with the beauty of its flowers gained it an early recognition among the pioneers of New England, where it soon became a favorite. The statement is made that it was the chosen flower of John Alden and Priscilla and, on many occasions, old books, handed down from revolutionary days, have been found to contain dried specimens of the flowers.

[Illustration: NEW ENGLAND ASTER.  
(*Aster Novae-Angliae*.)]

[Illustration: LATE PURPLE ASTER.  
(*Aster patens*.)  
FROM "NATURE'S GARDEN."  
COPYRIGHT 1900, BY  
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY.]

The Late Purple Aster (*Aster patens*) while not an uncommon form, is one of the most beautiful of all the Asters. The rays are long and showy, in color purplish-blue or deep violet. The plants attain a height of from one to three feet, the stems having rigid, bristly hairs and the leaves, which are entire, have a clasping base.

The Asters have been highly considered from very early times. Virgil states that the flowers were used to decorate the altars of the gods and the ancients placed great faith in the efficacy of the leaves as a charm against serpents. The American Indians have always prized these plants as a cure for skin diseases, calling them the bee flower, as they supposed that the frequent visits of honey bees, concentrated in the Asters the virtues of many other forms of flowers.

Charles S. Raddin.

---

from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Cavity-Nesting Birds of North American Forests*  
*Agriculture Handbook 511*

### **Acorn woodpecker**

*Melanerpes formicivorus*

L 8"

Habitat: The acorn woodpecker is a common resident of mixed oak-pine woodland and adjacent open grassland from Oregon along the Pacific Coast to the southwestern United States.

Nest: Acorn woodpeckers are communal nesters, and the young are fed by the entire group (Wetmore 1964). They usually excavate holes in ponderosa pine, but live and dead oaks of various species, sycamore, cottonwood, and willow are also used for nests. Their old holes are important for secondary cavity nesters such as small owls, purple martins, violet-green swallows, nuthatches, house wrens, and kestrels (Bent 1939).

Food: As the name implies, acorn woodpeckers feed mostly on acorns which are stored in holes drilled in communal trees. Sap from several species of oaks also is consumed from midwinter to summer (MacRoberts and MacRoberts 1972). About 25 percent of the diet is insects, including grasshoppers, ants, beetles, and flies (Bent 1939). Almonds, walnuts, and pecans are eaten when they are available.

### **Ash-throated flycatcher**

*Myiarchus cinerascens*

L 6½"

Habitat: The ash-throated flycatcher occupies dense mesquite thickets,

oak groves, saguaro cactus, riparian vegetation, and pinyon-juniper forests. It ranges from Washington to the southwestern United States and Texas.

Nest: The ash-throated flycatcher is not particularly specific in tree selection as long as it has a cavity. Woodpecker holes, exposed pipes, and nest boxes have been used. Mesquite, ash, oak, sycamore, juniper, and cottonwood are common nest trees (Bent 1942).

Food: The diet of this species consists mainly of animal material. Beetles, bees, wasps, bugs, flies, caterpillars, moths, grasshoppers, spiders, etc., make up about 92 percent of the diet. Mistletoe, berries, and other fleshy fruits account for the remainder (Bent 1942).

---

## **ANIMAL NUTRITION AND METABOLISM**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Atoms in Agriculture*, by Thomas S. Osborne

### **How Nutritious Are Various Feedstuffs?**

An endless phase of animal nutrition research deals with efficiency of rations, that is, the pounds gained by the animal per pound of feed consumed. The standard form of such research is to feed groups of animals on different rations for several weeks or months and determine average change in weight per pound of feed used.

In recent years scientists have used chemical tests to compare the amount of calcium in the diet against the amount excreted. The apparent digestibility of such minerals has thus been computed for different rations. Yet one important source of error in these chemical tests plagued researchers.

There is a “turnover” in nutrients fed to animals; elements in feed are absorbed into the animal’s body, retained for a time, and later excreted. For example, a cow actually loses more calcium (through milk and excreta) during the first six months of milk production than her normal ration contains. As long as the amount of recycling was unknown, scientists could not tell, for instance, how much calcium in alfalfa hay could be digested by simply measuring incoming and outgoing calcium.

Formerly scientists could study the problem only by withholding all calcium from the diet. Under this unnatural condition all outgoing calcium came from the animal’s body.

With radioactive calcium in a steer’s diet (or injected into the blood), scientists can quickly tell how much of the excreted calcium comes from



the animal's blood and organs under normal conditions. In a typical instance a ration thought to have 24 per cent digestible calcium, chemically determined, was found to have 38 per cent by the tracer technique.

The tracer method shows that milk contains phosphorus, only 20 per cent of which may come from the feed and 80 per cent from the cow's bones. With eggs, about 65 per cent of the phosphorus is provided by feed and 35 per cent by the hen. Radioactive tracers permit measurement of such "biological pathways," as the biochemist calls them.

### Can Lean Meat be Estimated "on the Hoof"?

The proof of the ration, one might say, is in the cutting. That is, the worth of a particular feed was formerly unknown until the carcass had been cut and priced.

Because of the time and expense, researchers in the past have merely tested groups of animals on a ration for a few weeks and then estimated the total gain by weighing and measuring. The main drawback to such a method is that it measures total growth only. In meat animals, knowing total growth is less important than knowing how much gain is in the more valuable lean meat, how much is in fat, and how much merely water. Techniques based on atomic energy have provided a new approach without adding radioactive contamination to the animal.

Of the "background radiation" that has existed since the earth was formed, part comes from cosmic rays (from outer space) and part from radioactive materials in the earth itself. One of these naturally radioactive isotopes is radioactive potassium, which is present to a small but significant extent in food, in human bodies, and in construction materials.

While some chemicals such as carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen go into almost every kind of substance in living things, potassium plays a special role in animals: it lodges almost exclusively, not in bone or fat or water, but in lean meat.

Biological and medical researchers are now cooperating to build "whole-body" radiation counters. A human being or an animal is actually enclosed by these huge devices, some of which are so sensitive they measure nearly every ray that emerges from the body. These counters will help answer many questions, but here only their use to measure radiopotassium in meat animals is explained. The animal is fed a test ration containing no added radioactivity. At intervals of a week or more, the animal is weighed and is also tested for natural radioactivity. Weighing tells total gain, while radiopotassium counting shows how much gain is in the desired lean meat. This method is

remarkably simple, and since no radioactivity is added to its diet, the animal can still be marketed.

### Does Thyroid Affect Milk—Egg Production?

Recognition of the significance of the thyroid gland in animals, the association of iodine with the thyroid, and the availability of an excellent radioisotope of iodine have resulted in increased study of this important gland. Chemical tests had hinted at a link between the thyroid gland and the production of milk and eggs. Using radioactive iodine, scientists learned that thyroid activity increases with the onset of milk and egg formation. In hot weather, when yield of milk and eggs decreases, activity of the thyroid gland diminishes.

It may be that a dairy breeder can soon select calves for potential milk production because of thyroid activity as measured by radioactive iodine. At present he must let the animals grow and produce milk for several years before he chooses those to use in herd improvement. (See Fig. 4.)

### More Tracers in Animal Nutrition Research

Female hormones in microgram amounts[1] accelerate fattening of cattle and sheep. Before this method can be used on animals for human consumption, however, it must be determined that no possible human injury can result from any residue. With chemical tests the measurement of such tiny amounts was impossible. Even with radioactive carbon-14, doses of hormone 1000 times normal dosage were required before the hormones in the flesh were measurable.

Fig. 4—Future high-producing milk cows may be selected as calves, because of the measured activity of their thyroid glands. A minute amount of iodine-131 is fed and within minutes has concentrated in the thyroid. High concentration means high thyroid activity, which in older animals means high milk production.

[Illustration: Iodine-131 fed ... concentrates in thyroid.]

Recently an isotope of hydrogen (tritium or  $H^3$ ) was linked to hormones, and these were fed in normal amounts to cattle. Tests 90 days afterward showed less than one part per billion in the meat, a big step toward cheaper fattening of meat animals with hormones.

The use of tranquilizers has been proposed for reducing the customary loss of weight in cattle being shipped to market. These chemicals, also, are used in such minute quantities that residues could not be detected except with radioactive tracers. Tritium can now be used by health

officials to study the effects of tranquilizers.

---

## ARISTOTLE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Best of the World's Classics, Restricted to prose. Volume I (of X) - Greece*, by Various

Born in Stagira in 384 B.C.; died at Chalcis in Euboea in 322; the most famous of Greek philosophers; went to Athens in his eighteenth year as a pupil of Plato and remained there for twenty years; in 343 went to the Court of Macedon, where he undertook the education of Alexander the Great, then thirteen years old; in 335 returned to Athens and produced the greater part of his writings; afterward forced to flee from Athens to Chalcis during an uprising against the Macedonians; his numerous writings deal with all branches of science known to his times; the first edition of the Greek text, that of Aldus Manutius, published in 1495-98.[74]

### I

#### WHAT THINGS ARE PLEASANT[75]

Let it be laid down by us, that pleasure is a certain motion of the soul, and a settlement of it, at once rapid and perceptible, into its own proper nature; and that pain is the contrary. If then pleasure be a thing of this nature, it is plain that whatever is productive of the disposition I have described is pleasant; while everything of a nature to destroy it, or produce a disposition the opposite to it, is painful.

Generally speaking, therefore, it is necessary, both that the being in progress toward a state conformable to nature should be pleasant; and that, in the highest degree, when those feelings, whose original is conformable to it, shall have recovered that their nature; and habits, because that which is habitual becomes by that time natural, as it were; for, in a certain way, custom is like nature, because the idea of frequency is proximate to that of always; now nature belongs to the idea of always, custom to that of often. What is not compulsory, also, is pleasant; for compulsion is contrary to nature. Wherefore acts of necessity are painful; and it has been truly remarked, "Every act of necessity is in its nature painful." It must be also that a state of

sedulous attention, anxiety, the having the mind on the stretch, are painful, for they all are acts of necessity, and constrained, unless they have become habitual; but it is custom which, under such circumstances, renders them pleasant. The contraries of these must also be pleasant; wherefore, relaxation of mind, leisure, listlessness, amusements, and intervals of rest, rank in the class of things pleasant; for none of these has anything to do with necessity. Everything of which there is an innate appetite, is pleasant; for appetite is a desire of what is pleasant.

Now, of appetites, some are irrational, others attended by reason. I call all those irrational which men desire, not from any conception which they form: of this kind are all which are said to exist naturally, as those of the body; thirst or hunger, for instance, in the case of sustenance; and the appetite of sustenance in every kind. And the appetites connected with objects of taste, and of lust, and, in fact, objects of touch generally; the appetite of fragrant odors, too, as connected with smelling, and hearing, and sight. Appetites attended by reason are all those whatsoever which men exercise from a persuasion: for many things there are which they desire to behold, and possess, on hearsay and persuasion. Now, as the being pleased stands in the perception of a certain affection, and as imagination is a kind of faint perception, there will attend on him who exercises either memory or hope a kind of imagination of that which is the object of his memory or hope; but if so, it is plain that they who exercise memory or hope, certainly feel pleasure, since they have also a perception. So that everything pleasant consists either in the perception of present objects, or in the remembrance of those which have already been, or in the hope of such as are yet to be; for men exercise perception on present, memory on past, and hope on future objects. Now the objects of memory are pleasant, not only such as at the moment while present were pleasant, but some even which were not pleasant, should their consequence subsequently be honorable and good; and hence this saying, "But it is indeed pleasant for a man, when preserved, to remember his toils"; and this, "For after his sufferings, a man who has suffered much, and much achieved, is gladdened at the recollection." But the reason of this is, that to be exempt from evil is pleasant. And all objects are pleasant in hope, which appear by their presence either to delight or benefit in a great degree; or to benefit, without giving pain. In a word, whatever objects by their presence delight us, do so, generally speaking, as we hope for, or remember them. On which account, too, the feeling of anger is pleasant; just as Homer has remarked of anger in his poem, "That which with sweetness far greater than distilling honey as it drops"; for there is no one who feels anger where the object seems impracticable to his revenge; nor with those far their superiors in power do men feel anger at all, or if they do, it is in a less degree.

There is also a kind of pleasure consequent on most appetites; for

either in the recollection that they have enjoyed them, or in the hope that they shall enjoy them, men are affected and delighted by a certain pleasure: thus men possessed by fevers feel delight, amid their thirst, as well at the remembrance how they used to drink, as at the hope of drinking yet again. Lovers, too, feel delight in conversing, writing, and composing something, ever about the object beloved; because, in all those energies, they have a perception, as it were, of the object they love. And this is in all cases a criterion of the commencement of love, when persons feel pleasure not only in the presence of the object, but are enamored also of it when absent, on memory; wherefore, even when pain arises at absence, nay in the midst of mourning, and the very dirge of death, there yet arises within us a certain pleasure. For the pain is felt because the object is not present; but the pleasure consists in remembering and seeing, as it were, both the person, and what he used to do, and the kind of character of which he was. Whence has it been said, and with probability enough, "Thus spake he, and excited within them all a desire of lamentation." Also the avenging oneself is pleasant; for the getting of that is pleasant, the failing to get which is painful: now the angry do feel pain in an excessive degree if they be not avenged; but in the hope of revenge they take pleasure.

Again, to overcome is pleasant, not to the ambitious only, but even to all; for there arises an imagination of superiority, for which all, either in a faint or more violent degree, have an appetite. But since to overcome is pleasant, it must follow, of course, that amusements where there is field for rivalry, as those of music and disputations, are pleasant; for it frequently occurs, in the course of these, that we overcome; also chess, ball, dice, and drafts.

Again, it is the same with respect to amusements where a lively interest is taken; for, of these, some become pleasant as accustomed to them; others are pleasant at first; for instance, hunting and every kind of sporting; for where there is rivalry, there is also victory; on which principle the disputations of the bar and of the schools are pleasant to those who have become accustomed to them, and have abilities. Also honor and good character are most pleasant, by reason that an idea arises, that one is such as is the good man; and this in a greater degree should those people pronounce one such who he thinks speak truth: such are those immediately about one, rather than those who are more removed; familiar friends, and acquaintances, and one's fellow citizens, rather than those who are at a distance; the present, rather than a future generation; a man of practical wisdom, rather than a mere ignoramus; many, than a few; for it is more likely that these I have mentioned will adhere to the truth, than that the opposite characters will: since one has no anxiety about the honor or the opinion of such as one greatly despises, children and animals, for instance, not at least for the sake of such opinion itself; but if one is anxious about it, then it is on account of something else.

A friend, too, ranks among things pleasant; for the affection of love is pleasant; since there is no lover of wine who does not delight in wine: also the having affection felt toward one is pleasant; for there is in this case also an idea of one's being an excellent person, which all who have any sensibility to it are desirous of; now the having affection felt for you is the being beloved yourself, on your own account. Also the being held in admiration is pleasant, on the very account of being honored by it. Flattery and the flatterer are pleasant; since the flatterer is a seeming admirer and a seeming friend. To continue the same course of action is also pleasant; for what is habitual was laid down to be pleasant. To vary is also pleasant; for change is an approach to what is natural: for sameness produces an excess of a stated habit; whence it has been said, "In everything change is pleasant." For on this principle, whatever occurs at intervals of time is pleasant, whether persons or things; for it is a variation of present objects; and at the same time that which occurs merely at intervals possesses the merit of rarity. Also learning and admiration, generally speaking, are pleasant; for under admiration exists a desire [to learn], so that what is admired is desired; and in the act of learning there is a settlement into a state conformable to nature. To benefit and to be benefited are also of the number of pleasant things; for to be benefited is to get what people desire; but to benefit is to possess and abound; things, the both of which men desire. And because a tendency to beneficence is pleasant, it is also pleasant to a man to set his neighbor on his legs again, and to put a finish to that which was deficient in some particular.

---

## MARCUS AURELIUS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Best of the World's Classics, Restricted to prose. Volume II (of X) - Rome*, by Various

Born in Rome in 121 A.D.; died in 180; celebrated as emperor and Stoic philosopher; a nephew of Antoninus Pius, whom he succeeded as emperor, with Lucius Verus; after the death of Verus in 169 became sole emperor; his reign notable for wisdom and the happiness of the Roman people; wrote his "Meditations" in Greek; a bronze equestrian statue of him in Rome is the finest extant specimen of ancient bronze.

HIS DEBT TO OTHERS[158]

1. From my grandfather Verus[159] [I learned] good morals and the government of my temper.
2. From the reputation and remembrance of my father,[160] modesty and a manly character.
3. From my mother,[161] piety and beneficence, and abstinence, not only from evil deeds, but even from evil thoughts; and, further, simplicity in my way of living, far removed from the habits of the rich.
4. From my great-grandfather,[162] not to have frequented public schools, and to have had good teachers at home, and to know that on such things a man should spend liberally.
5. From my governor, to be neither of the green nor of the blue party at the games in the circus, nor a partizan either of the Parmularius or the Scutarius at the gladiators' fights; from him too I learned endurance of labor and to want little, and to work with my own hands, and not to meddle with other people's affairs, and not to be ready to listen to slander.
6. From Diognetus,[163] not to busy myself about trifling things, and not to give credit to what was said by miracle-workers and jugglers about incantations and the driving away of demons and such things; and not to breed quails [for fighting], not to give myself up passionately to such things; and to endure freedom of speech; and to have become intimate with philosophy; and to have been a hearer, first of Bacchius, then of Tandasis and Marcianus; and to have written dialogs in my youth; and to have desired a plank bed and skin, and whatever else of the kind belongs to the Grecian discipline.
7. From Rusticus[164] I received the impression that my character required improvement and discipline; and from him I learned not to be led astray to sophistic emulation, nor to writing on speculative matters, nor to delivering little hortatory orations, nor to showing myself off as a man who practises much discipline, or does benevolent acts in order to make a display; and to abstain from rhetoric, and poetry, and fine writing; and not to walk about in the house in my outdoor dress, nor to do other things of the kind; and to write my letters with simplicity, like the letter which Rusticus wrote from Sinuessa to my mother; and with respect to those who have offended me by words, or done me wrong, to be easily disposed to be pacified and reconciled, as soon as they have shown a readiness to be reconciled; and to read carefully, and not to be satisfied with a superficial understanding of a book; not hastily to give my assent to those who talk overmuch; and I am indebted to him for being acquainted with the discourses of Epictetus.

8. From Apollonius[165] I learned freedom of will and undeviating steadiness of purpose; and to look to nothing else, not even for a moment, except to reason; and to be always the same, in sharp pains, on the occasion of the loss of a child, and in long illness; and to see clearly in a living example that the same man can be both most resolute and yielding, and not peevish in giving his instruction; and to have had before my eyes a man who clearly considered his experience and his skill in expounding philosophical principles as the smallest of his merits; and from him I learned how to receive from friends what are esteemed favors, without being either humbled by them or letting them pass unnoticed.

9. From Sextus,[166] a benevolent disposition, and the example of a family governed in a fatherly manner, and the idea of living conformably to nature; and gravity without affectation, and to look carefully after the interests of friends, and to tolerate ignorant persons and those who form opinions without consideration: he had the power of readily accommodating himself to all, so that intercourse with him was more agreeable than any flattery; and at the same time he was most highly venerated by those who associated with him; and he had the faculty both of discovering and ordering, in an intelligent methodical way, the principles necessary for life; and he never showed anger or any other passion, but was entirely free from passion, and also most affectionate; and he could express approbation without noisy display, and he possessed much knowledge without ostentation.

10. From Alexander[167] the grammarian, to refrain from fault-finding, and not in a reproachful way to chide those who uttered any barbarous or solecistic or strange-sounding expression; but dexterously to introduce the very expression which ought to have been used, and in the way of answer or giving confirmation, or joining in an inquiry about the thing itself, not about the word, or by some other fit suggestion.

11. From Fronto[168] I learned to observe what envy, and duplicity, and hypocrisy are in a tyrant, and that generally those among us who are called Patricians are rather deficient in paternal affection.

12. From Alexander the Platonic, not frequently nor without necessity to say to any one, or to write in a letter, that I have no leisure; nor continually to excuse the neglect of duties required by our relation to those with whom we live, by alleging urgent occupations.

13. From Catulus,[169] not to be indifferent when a friend finds fault, even if he should find fault without reason, but to try to restore him to his usual disposition; and to be ready to speak well of teachers, as it is reported of Domitius and Athenodotus; and to love my children truly.



14. From my brother Severus, to love my kin, and to love truth, and to love justice; and through him I learned to know Thrasea, Helvidius, Cato, Dion, Brutus; and from him I received the idea of a polity in which there is the same law for all, a polity administered with regard to equal rights and equal freedom of speech, and the idea of a kingly government which respects most of all the freedom of the governed; I learned from him also consistency and undeviating steadiness in my regard for philosophy; and a disposition to do good, and to give to others readily, and to cherish good hopes, and to believe that I am loved by my friends; and in him I observed no concealment of his opinions with respect to those whom he condemned, and that his friends had no need to conjecture what he wished or did not wish, but it was quite plain.

15. From Maximus[170] I learned self-government, and not to be led aside by anything; and cheerfulness in all circumstances as well as in illness; and a just admixture in the moral character of sweetness and dignity, and to do what was set before me without complaining. I observed that everybody believed that he thought as he spoke, and that in all that he did he never had any bad intention; and he never showed amazement and surprise, and was never in a hurry, and never put off doing a thing, nor was perplexed nor dejected, nor did he ever laugh to disguise his vexation, nor, on the other hand, was he ever passionate or suspicious. He was accustomed to do acts of beneficence, and was ready to forgive, and was free from all falsehood; and he presented the appearance of a man who could not be diverted from right rather than of a man who had been improved. I observed, too that no man could ever think that he was despised by Maximus, or ever venture to think himself a better man. He had also the art of being humorous in an agreeable way.

16. In my father[171] I observed mildness of temper, and unchangeable resolution in the things which he had determined after due deliberation; and no vainglory in those things which men call honors; and a love of labor and perseverance; and a readiness to listen to those who had anything to propose for the common weal; and undeviating firmness in giving to every man according to his deserts; and a knowledge derived from experience of the occasions for vigorous action and for remission. And I observed that he had overcome all passion for boys; and he considered himself no more than any other citizen; and he released his friends from all obligation to sup with him or to attend him of necessity when he went abroad, and those who had failed to accompany him, by reason of any urgent circumstances, always found him the same. I observed too his habit of careful inquiry in all matters of deliberation, and his persistency, and that he never stopt his investigation through being satisfied with appearances which first present themselves; and that his disposition was to keep his friends, and not to be soon tired of them, nor yet to be extravagant in his affection; and to be satisfied on all occasions, and cheerful; and to

foresee things a long way off, and to provide for the smallest without display; and to check immediately popular applause and all flattery; and to be ever watchful over the things which were necessary for the administration of the empire, and to be a good manager of the expenditure, and patiently to endure the blame which he got for such conduct; and he was neither superstitious with respect to the gods, nor did he court men by gifts or by trying to please them, or by flattering the populace; but he showed sobriety in all things and firmness, and never any mean thoughts or action, nor love of novelty....

17. To the gods I am indebted for having good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends, nearly everything good. Further, I owe it to the gods that I was not hurried into any offense against any of them, tho I had a disposition which, if opportunity had offered, might have led me to do something of this kind; but, through their favor, there never was such a concurrence of circumstances as put me to the trial. Further, I am thankful to the gods that I was not longer brought up with my grandfather's concubine, and that I preserved the flower of my youth, and that I did not make proof of my virility before the proper season, but even deferred the time; that I was subjected to a ruler and a father who was able to take away all pride from me, and to bring me to the knowledge that it is possible for a man to live in a palace without wanting either guards or embroidered dresses, or torches and statues, and such-like show; but that it is in such a man's power to bring himself very near to the fashion of a private person, without being for this reason either meaner in thought, or more remiss in action, with respect to the things which must be done for the public interest in a manner that befits a ruler. I thank the gods for giving me such a brother,[172] who was able by his moral character to rouse me to vigilance over myself, and who, at the same time, pleased me by his respect and affection; that my children have not been stupid nor deformed in body; that I did not make more proficiency in rhetoric, poetry, and the other studies, in which I should perhaps have been completely engaged, if I had seen that I was making progress in them; that I made haste to place those who brought me up in the station of honor, which they seemed to desire, without putting them off with hope of my doing it some time after, because they were then still young; that I knew Apollonius, Rusticus, Maximus; that I received clear and frequent impressions about living according to nature, and what kind of a life that is, so that, so far as depended on the gods, and their gifts, and help, and inspirations, nothing hindered me from forthwith living according to nature, tho I still fall short of it through my own fault, and through not observing the admonitions of the gods, and I may almost say, their direct instructions; that my body has held out so long in such a kind of life; that I never touched either Benedicta or Theodotus; and that, after having fallen into amatory passions, I was cured; and, tho I was often out of humor with

Rusticus, I never did anything of which I had occasion to repent; that, tho it was my mother's fate to die young, she spent the last years of her life with me; that, whenever I wished to help any man in his need, or on any other occasion, I was never told that I had not the means of doing it; and that to myself the same necessity never happened, to receive anything from another; that I have such a wife, so obedient, and so affectionate, and so simple; that I had abundance of good masters for my children; and that remedies have been shown to me by dreams, both others, and against blood-spitting and giddiness; and that, when I had an inclination to philosophy, I did not fall into the hands of any sophist.

#### FOOTNOTES:

[Footnote 158: From the "Meditations." Translated by George Long.]

[Footnote 159: Annius Verus.]

[Footnote 160: His father's name also was Annius Verus.]

[Footnote 161: His mother was Domitia Calvilla, named also Lucilla.]

[Footnote 162: His mother's grandfather, Catilius Severus, may be referred to here.]

[Footnote 163: The translator notes that, in the works of Justinus, is printed a letter from one Diognetus, a Gentile, who wished very much to know what the religion of the Christians was, and how it had taught them to believe neither in the gods of the Greeks nor the superstitions of the Jews. It has been suggested that this Diognetus may have been the tutor of Marcus Aurelius.]

[Footnote 164: Junius Rusticus, a Stoic philosopher, whom the author highly valued.]

[Footnote 165: Apollonius of Chalcis, who came to Rome to be the author's preceptor. He was a rigid Stoic.]

[Footnote 166: Sextus of Chæroneia, a grandson, or nephew, of Plutarch.]

[Footnote 167: Alexander, a native of Phrygia, wrote a commentary on Homer.]

[Footnote 168: Cornelius Fronto, a rhetorician and friend of the author.]

[Footnote 169: Cinna Catulus, a Stoic.]

[Footnote 170: Claudius Maximus, a Stoic, whom the author's predecessor, Antoninus Pius, also valued highly.]

[Footnote 171: The reference here made is to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, who adopted him.]

[Footnote 172: His brother by adoption, L. Verus, is probably referred to here.]

---

## JAMES LANE ALLEN

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Famous Authors (Men)*, by E. F. (Edward Francis) Harkins

A few novelists know the world which renews its youth every spring and that dies every autumn, as intimately as Thoreau knew it. One of these novelists is Thomas Hardy, whose description of Egdon Heath in "The Return of the Native" has long been in use as a model in the English Department at Harvard. One of these also is James Lane Allen, the Kentucky schoolmaster.

The chapter entitled "Hemp" in "The Reign of Law," contains abundant evidence of this loving power. Here is a random choice:

"One day something is gone from earth and sky: Autumn has come, season of scales and balances, when the earth, brought to judgment for its fruits, says, 'I have done what I could--now let me rest!'

"Fall!--and everywhere the sights and sounds of falling. In the woods, through the cool silvery air, the leaves, so indispensable once, so useless now. Bright day after bright day, dripping night after dripping night, the never-ending filtering or gusty fall of leaves. The fall of walnuts, dropping from bare boughs with muffled boom into the deep grass. The fall of the hickory-nut, rattling noisily down through the scaly limbs and scattering its hulls among the stones of the brook below. The fall of buckeyes, rolling like balls of mahogany into the little dust paths made by sheep, in the hot months, when they had sought those roofs of leaves. The fall of acorns, leaping out of their matted green cups as they strike the rooty earth. The fall of red haw, persimmon, and pawpaw, and the odorous wild plum in its valley thickets. The fall of all seeds whatsoever of the forest, now made ripe in their high places and sent back to the ground, there to be folded in against the time when they shall rise again as the living generations; the homing, downward flight of the seeds in the many-colored woods all

over the quiet land."

Mr. Mabie, writing once in The Outlook, dwelt on what has been called the "landscape beauty" of Mr. Allen's work. "No American novelist," he said "has so imbedded his stories in Nature as has James Lane Allen; and among English novels one recalls only Mr. Hardy's three classics of pastoral England, and among French novelists George Sand and Pierre Loti. Nature furnishes the background of many charming American stories, and finds delicate or effective remembrance in the hands of writers like Miss Jewett and Miss Murfree; but in Mr. Allen's romances Nature is not behind the action; she is involved in it. Her presence is everywhere; her influence streams through the story; the deep and prodigal beauty which she wears in rural Kentucky shines on every page; the tremendous forces which sweep through her disclose their potency in human passion and impulse...."

And when James MacArthur was editing The Bookman he said: "Poetry, 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge,' according to Wordsworth, 'the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science,'--that poetry irrespective of rhyme and metrical arrangement which is as immortal as the heart of man, is distinctive in Mr. Allen's work from the first written page. Like Minerva issuing full-formed from the head of Jove, Mr. Allen issues from his long years of silence and seclusion a perfect master of his art--unfailing in its inspiration, unfaltering in its classic accent." It was Mr. MacArthur, who, speaking of "The Choir Invisible," said that "it would be difficult to recall any other novel since 'The Scarlet Letter' that has touched the same note of greatness, or given to one section of our national life, as Hawthorne's classic did to another, a voice far beyond singing."

Mr. MacArthur's remark that Mr. Allen came forth from "his long years of silence and seclusion a perfect master of his art" is largely true. Although born about half a century ago, it was not until 1884 that he settled down to writing. Not many of our distinguished writers passed thirty before tasting the bitter-sweet fruit of authorship.

Mr. Allen was born on a farm in Fayette County, Kentucky, a few miles from Lexington; and on the farm he spent his early childhood. His mother's maiden name was Helen Foster. Her parents, who were of the Scotch-Irish stock which settled in Pennsylvania before the Revolution, had found a permanent home in Mississippi. On his father's side he is a descendant of the Virginians who formed the Kentucky pioneers. The son was graduated from Kentucky University--which has been pictured in the history of his latest hero, David,--in 1872. For several years afterward he taught in district schools, at first near his home, and later in Missouri. Still later he became a private tutor; then he took a professorship in his alma mater; and at length he brought his career as a teacher to a close while at Bethany College, West Virginia. That

very year, 1884, he moved to New York, put away his text-books, and plunged into the sea of literature. One who knew him in those days has described him as "a blond young giant with a magnificent head and a strong, kindly face."

From the day of his decision to be a writer until the present time Mr. Allen has worked industriously and successfully. Fifteen years ago the chief literary and critical magazines published many of his essays, and from time to time his short stories appeared in Harper's Magazine and The Century Magazine. These short stories were afterward collected and published under the title of "Flute and Violin." Then appeared at irregular intervals "The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky," "A Kentucky Cardinal" and its sequel, "Aftermath," "A Summer in Arcady," "The Choir Invisible," and, latest of all, "The Reign of Law."

The author's high reputation was firmly established by "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath." "In these two books," said one critic, looking backward, "Nature was interwoven benignantly with the human nature resting on her bosom, leading her lover, Adam Moss, with gentle influences to the human lover, and, when bereft of human love, receiving him back into her healing arms." The books made as deep an impression upon Englishmen as upon Americans; indeed, as late as the spring of 1900 the London Academy devoted a page to a flattering and most sympathetic review of them. The gentle, playful humor, the healthy joyousness, the rare tenderness displayed by Mr. Allen in these two books, are irresistible. Months, and even years, after laying the books down, the reader must remember the many delightful sketches of which they are made.

"And while I am watching the birds, they are watching me. Not a little fop among them, having proposed and been accepted, but perches on a limb, and has the air of putting his hands mannishly under his coat-tails and crying out to me, 'Hello! Adam, what were you made for?' 'You attend to your business, and I'll attend to mine,' I answer, 'You have one May; I have twenty-five!' He didn't wait to hear. He caught sight of a pair of clear brown eyes peeping at him out of a near tuft of leaves, and sprang thither with open arms and the sound of a kiss."

What charming sport! What uncommon perception! And here is one of his choice, frank, bucolic sentiments:

"The longer I live here the better satisfied I am in having pitched my earthly camp-fire, gypsylike, on the edge of a town, keeping it on one side, and the green fields, lanes and woods on the other. Each, in turn, is to me as a magnet to the needle. At times the needle of my nature points towards the country. On that side everything is poetry. I wander over field and forest, and through me runs a glad current of feeling that is like a clear brook across the meadows of May. At others the needle veers round, and I go to town--to the massed haunts of the

highest animal and cannibal. That way nearly everything is prose. I can feel the prose rising in me as I step along, like hair on the back of a dog, long before any other dogs are in sight. And, indeed, the case is much that of a country dog come to town, so that growls are in order at every corner. The only being in the universe at which I have ever snarled, or with which I have rolled over in the mud and fought like a common cur, is Man."

"Summer in Arcady" shocked many who had fallen in love with the pastoral simplicity and spiritual delicacy of the two preceding books; but it was generally admitted that the book showed an advance in the author's powers, particularly in his power of vivid dialogue. In his first novel Mr. Allen had written that "The simple, rural, key-note of life is still the sweetest," and a change to another key-note, tremulous with pathos and tragedy, surprised the reading public; but the opinion that it was likely to prove a stepping-stone to higher things found general favor. Nor was this opinion unsound, for "The Choir Invisible" lifted its author for the time above the heads of all his contemporaries.

Both here and in England the book fairly leaped to success; both here and in England it was praised almost unqualifiedly. An American critic, writing of it, said: "Mr. Allen stands to-day in the front rank of American novelists. 'The Choir Invisible' will solidify a reputation already established and bring into clear light his rare gifts as an artist. For this latest story is as genuine a work of art as has come from an American hand." An English critic noted that it was "highly praised, and with reason." "It is written," he said, "with singular delicacy, and has an old-world fragrance which seems to come from the classics we keep in lavender."

The book succeeded so immensely that an attempt was made to dramatize it, but the attempt failed. The atmosphere of the book proved to be too ethereal, too spiritual, for dramatization.

That "The Choir Invisible" solidified Mr. Allen's reputation was demonstrated by the eagerness of the demand for "The Reign of Law." In some respects this is Mr. Allen's greatest work: it reveals even a deeper knowledge of nature than he ever revealed before, and it deals more intimately with things which have revolved around his own career.

Fame has little to do with the sale of books. If "The Kentucky Cardinal," "The Choir Invisible," and "The Reign of Law" had not been sold by the thousands, Mr. Allen's fame would still be of more than transient quality. There is nothing ephemeral about these stories: they are, strictly speaking, a part of our classical literature. The vividness of the pictures will always be fresh and interesting.

Taking too literally Mr. Allen's remark in "The Reign of Law" that

Kentucky University is a ruin and will always remain a ruin, the reading public has generally decided, we have found, that the university, the author's alma mater, does not exist. It does exist, but, apparently, not in the condition in which the author would have it. Before "The Reign of Law" had been long on the market, he and the president of Kentucky University fell into a controversy which makes an interesting chapter in the academic side of the history of the Blue Grass State.

Mr. Allen works slowly and carefully, as may be inferred from the number and the character of his books. And he lives quietly, modestly. He is not in the least given to the exploitation of his habits and his manners, even so far as they may be connected with his literary work. Little has ever been heard of him by the thousands who hurry to read his books, and who read them only to praise him. Some time ago his publishers issued a brochure dealing with his career, and the vital facts contained in it, if put together, would not cover more than twenty or thirty ordinary lines.

It should be said before ending, however, that the author of "The Reign of Law" is looked up to almost filially by the younger writers of the middle West. They are never weary of applauding him and of indicating, publicly as well as privately, his extraordinary reputation. Traces of his style, notably as it appears in his Corot-like pictures of nature, may be found in their writings. Indeed, it is quite likely that nothing would please one of these fine young men more than to have it said of his work that it resembles the masterly work of James Lane Allen.

---

## ALCOHOLICS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Habits that Handicap*, by Charles B. Towns

I am not specially familiar with the statistics of insanity, but I am inclined to believe that an appreciable contribution to the total--indeed, one of its largest parts--has arisen from the improper diagnosis of drug and alcoholic cases, followed naturally by improper medical treatment. Lack of definite medical help in cases of chronic alcoholism is likely to bring about brain lesions, which eventually mean hopeless insanity.

For that special reason, the chronic alcoholic has been the chief contributor to the army of the insane, and in the asylums his presence is notably frequent among the violent cases. The head of one of the greatest institutions in the United States for the care of the insane assures me that this seems to occur among women to a greater degree than with men.

One of the most difficult problems of my work has been to discover ways by



which the medical profession can be made to understand the really serious meaning of chronic alcoholism. Most delirium, the primary cause of which lies in alcoholism, is amenable to treatment.

## EFFECTS OF DEPRIVATION IN CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM

It is exhaustion or lack of alcohol which first produces delirium in an alcoholic case, whether that exhaustion is due to the patient's inability to assimilate food or alcohol or whether it is due to the fact that, being under restraint, alcohol is denied him.

In most cases there is no form of medication which can be successfully substituted for alcohol, and unless definite medical help is provided for the purpose of bringing about a physical change and thus avoiding delirium, no course remains safe except a long and very gradual process of reduction of alcoholic poisoning. Such a measure as this cannot be successfully applied in the wards of the general hospital, as the mere fact that alcohol was there administered, even in slowly diminishing doses, would make such a ward the chosen haven of innumerable "old stagers," who, having reached that stage of worthlessness which would make it impossible for them to obtain the narcotic elsewhere, would take the treatment for the mere sake of getting the alcohol of which it principally consists.

Many friends of alcoholic subjects and many physicians in private practice have believed that they were doing the alcoholic a great service when they put him where he could not get alcohol, and helped him over the first acute stages of the period of deprivation by the administration of bromide and other sedatives. This usually means delirium first and then a "wet brain"; if the patient survives this, his next development is more than likely to be prolonged psychosis, or, in the end, permanent insanity. It is because of this that I consider the chronic alcoholic more clearly entitled to prompt and intelligent medical treatment than most other sick persons. With the alcoholic, as with the drug-taker, the first thing to be accomplished is the unpoisoning of the body. In order to accomplish this, it is first necessary to keep up the alcoholic medication, with ample sedatives, using great care lest the patient drift into that extreme nervous condition which leads to delirium. If delirium does occur, nothing but sleep can bring about an improvement in the patient's condition. This is the point of development at which physicians not properly informed in regard to such cases are likely to employ large quantities of hypnotics, and frequently this course is followed until the patient is finally "knocked out." In many instances an accumulation of hypnotics in the systems of persons thus under treatment has proved fatal. I am rather proud of my ability to state that from delirium tremens I have never lost a single case.

## NECESSITY OF CLASSIFICATION OF ALCOHOLICS

The records show that to-day about forty per cent. of the insane in the asylums of New York State have a definite alcoholic history. In this condition lies one of the greatest opportunities ever offered to the medical profession. Even now a proper classification of the patients thus immured, and their appropriate treatment, would in many instances result in the return to the normal of those affected; proper classification and treatment at the time when the symptoms of mental disorder first appeared would have resulted in the salvation of innumerable cases. As a matter of fact, I earnestly believe that if this course was followed, the number of supposedly permanent cases of insanity arising from alcoholic and drug addictions might be decreased by seventy-five per cent.

Certain general rules may be laid down. There are no circumstances in which it is advisable for a physician in private practice to attempt to handle a case of chronic alcoholism in the patient's own environment. Efforts to do this are constantly made, with the result that many needlessly die from lack of alcohol, while an even more tragic result is the unnecessary entrance, first into the psychopathic wards of our hospitals and thence into our asylums for the insane, of innumerable cases which needed intelligent treatment only for alcoholism or drug addiction. If this treatment is neglected, the incarceration of these unfortunates in asylums becomes necessary, for without question their insanity is real enough.

## UNSCIENTIFIC METHODS IN THE TREATMENT OF ALCOHOLISM

During the summer of 1913 I visited a large hospital in Edinburgh and discussed alcoholism and its treatment with the visiting physician.

"We do not have many alcoholics here," said he.

"Why?" I inquired.

"All our hospital work is supported by private subscription," he answered.

"Then there is no place whatever in Scotland for the care of the acute alcoholic case?"

"No. If an intoxicated person is locked up by the police and develops delirium, he is sent here, and we do what we can for him by the old methods."

"You offer no definite medical help along special lines?"

"No; we have none to offer."

He showed me two cases in the general ward; one man in a strait-jacket was in the midst of delirium tremens, his face terribly suffused. He was in a pitiable state, and nothing was being done for him.

"What course shall we follow?" the physician inquired.

"Let me see his chart," I requested. After I examined it, it became immediately apparent that the patient's condition was due to lack of his usual drug. It was his third day in the ward.

"Nothing but sleep will save him," I said, and suggested medication which was administered.

In three or four minutes the patient was relaxed and taken out of the strait-jacket. I made certain suggestions regarding general stimulation for the bowels and the kidneys, and diet. On the next day I found the patient improved after twelve or fifteen hours of sleep, and wholly free from delirium. His case had now become simply a matter of recuperation.

Another case had lived through several days of delirium tremens, which had been followed by a "wet brain"; the visiting physician considered this patient a fit subject for the psychopathic ward. I asked the patient questions about himself. He was sure that he had been out the night before and pointed out one of the internes as his companion during the hours of dissipation. His case was regarded at the hospital as almost certain to end in an asylum. I suggested treatment and within two days the man's mind had entirely cleared up.

These instances of successful and prompt relief occasioned considerable surprise among the hospital physicians, who frankly admitted that they knew nothing to do except to keep the patients there under restraint, and, if necessary, feed them according to existing rules, to keep their bowels open and their bladders free, and hope for the best.

This was an institution which is supposed to represent the best medical learning in the United Kingdom. I found similar conditions existing in the great hospitals of London, Paris, and Berlin, so that the Scotch institution is not an exception to the general European rule. Everywhere I was frankly informed that the medical staff knew of nothing to be done in alcoholic cases beyond deprivation and penalization.

Nor have we been more scientifically progressive in the United States. We are following virtually the same unenlightened methods, and it has even been suggested that chronic alcoholism be added to the conditions which in the minds of some sociological thinkers justify sterilization. How important our shortcoming is may be strikingly illustrated by the statement that alcoholic patients comprise one third of all the cases admitted to Bellevue Hospital in New York.

## THE DIFFICULTY OF TREATMENT IN SOME ALCOHOLIC CASES

The alcoholic differs notably from the person addicted to drugs. A drug-taker, deprived of his drug, will experience in the early stages only acute discomfort and a natural longing for the drug of which he has been deprived. His unfavorable symptoms can always be relieved by the administration of the drug. The chronic alcoholic, however, deprived of the stimulant, often drifts into a delirium which cannot be relieved by the administration of his accustomed tippie. No more terrible spectacle can be imagined by the human mind than that of an acute case of delirium tremens; no patient needs more careful watching in order that unfavorable developments may be avoided; once delirium sets in, no type of case is medically so difficult to handle. The man who for long periods has been saturated with alcohol, and who is suddenly deprived of it, is, I think, more to be pitied than almost any one I know; yet relatives, friends, and physicians frequently follow exactly this course, and think that by so doing they are rendering the patient a kindly service.

## CAUSES OF INSANITY

In mentioning the causes of insanity, it is, however, impossible to permit the impression to be recorded that alcohol is the only offender. My statement of the part which alcohol plays in supplying the population of our mad-houses has never been denied; but it is also true that the use of headache powders and other preparations commonly sold at our drug stores and as yet slightly or not at all restricted by law, and the use of coffee, tea, and tobacco in unrestricted quantity, also contribute their quota to the insane. A letter from the superintendent of a certain state asylum tells me that he has seen many improvements, sometimes even amounting to cures, result from ten days of fasting. That fasting really was a process of unpoisoning. In such a case the symptoms of insanity may be attributed to auto-intoxication, coming from any one of many causes, of which alcohol, tobacco, or even food improperly selected or unreasonably eaten may be one. The physician can have no means of learning just what method to pursue in any case of auto-intoxication until the patient has been unpoisoned. If any one of the great general hospitals would secure careful histories of one hundred of its patients and apply the proper methods to those who are found to have been poisoned by their habits, surprising results would be achieved. It is specially true that no intelligent mental diagnosis can be made of any patient who has had an unfavorable drug, alcoholic, or even tobacco, tea, or coffee history until he has been freed from the effects of these drugs or stimulants. The first thing that a physician must do when confronted by a case of alcoholic or drug addiction is to learn whether it is acute or chronic. If the case is chronic, the patient must not be suddenly deprived of his stimulants.

---

## THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Essays*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson

*This address was delivered at Cambridge in 1837, before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, a college fraternity composed of the first twenty-five men in each graduating class. The society has annual meetings, which have been the occasion for addresses from the most distinguished scholars and thinkers of the day.*

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,

I greet you on the recommencement of our literary year. Our anniversary is one of hope, and, perhaps, not enough of labor. We do not meet for games of strength[1] or skill, for the recitation of histories, tragedies, and odes, like the ancient Greeks; for parliaments of love and poesy, like the Troubadours;[2] nor for the advancement of science, like our co-temporaries in the British and European capitals. Thus far, our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time is already come when it ought to be, and will be, something else; when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests.[3] Events, actions arise that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the pole-star[4] for a thousand years?

In the light of this hope I accept the topic which not only usage but the nature of our association seem to prescribe to this day,--the AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Year by year we come up hither to read one more chapter of his biography. Let us inquire what new lights, new events, and more days have thrown on his character, his duties, and his hopes.

It is one of those fables which out of an unknown antiquity convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning, divided Man into

men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end.[5]

The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime; that there is One Man,--present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. Man is not a farmer, or a professor, or an engineer, but he is all. Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the \_divided\_ or social state these functions are parceled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint[6] of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other laborers. But, unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk and strut about so many walking monsters,--a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden[7] by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship.

In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is \_Man Thinking\_. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or, still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

In this view of him, as Man Thinking, the whole theory of his office is contained. Him Nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory pictures.[8] Him the past instructs. Him the future invites. Is not indeed every man a student, and do not all things exist for the student's behoof? And, finally, is not the true scholar the only true master? But as the old oracle said, "All things have two handles: Beware of the wrong one." [9] In life, too often, the scholar errs with mankind and forfeits his privilege. Let us see him in his school, and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives.

\* \* \* \* \*

I. The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. Every day, the sun;[10] and, after sunset, Night and her stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every

day, men and women, conversing, beholding and beholden.[11] The scholar must needs stand wistful and admiring before this great spectacle. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself.[12] Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find,--so entire, so boundless. Far too as her splendors shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward, without center, without circumference,--in the mass and in the particle, Nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind. Classification begins. To the young mind everything is individual, stands by itself. By and by it finds how to join two things and see in them one nature; then three, then three thousand; and so, tyrannized over by its own unifying instinct, it goes on tying things together, diminishing anomalies, discovering roots running under ground whereby contrary and remote things cohere and flower out from one stem. It presently learns that since the dawn of history there has been a constant accumulation and classifying of facts. But what is classification but the perceiving that these objects are not chaotic, and are not foreign, but have a law which is also a law of the human mind? The astronomer discovers that geometry, a pure abstraction of the human mind, is the measure of planetary motion. The chemist finds proportions and intelligible method throughout matter; and science is nothing but the finding of analogy, identity, in the most remote parts. The ambitious soul sits down before each refractory fact; one after another reduces all strange constitutions, all new powers, to their class and their law, and goes on forever to animate the last fiber of organization, the outskirts of nature, by insight.

Thus to him, to this school-boy under the bending dome of day, is suggested that he and it proceed from one Root; one is leaf and one is flower; relation, sympathy, stirring in every vein. And what is that root? Is not that the soul of his soul?--A thought too bold?--A dream too wild? Yet when this spiritual light shall have revealed the law of more earthly natures,--when he has learned to worship the soul, and to see that the natural philosophy that now is, is only the first gropings of its gigantic hand,--he shall look forward to an ever-expanding knowledge as to a becoming creator.[13] He shall see that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature then becomes to him the measure of his attainments. So much of nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own mind does he not yet possess. And, in fine, the ancient precept, "Know thyself,"[14] and the modern precept, "Study nature," become at last one maxim.

\* \* \* \* \*

II. The next great influence into the spirit of the scholar is the

mind of the Past,--in whatever form, whether of literature, of art, of institutions, that mind is inscribed. Books are the best type of the influence of the past, and perhaps we shall get at the truth,--learn the amount of this influence more conveniently,--by considering their value alone.

The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. It came into him life; it went out from him truth. It came to him short-lived actions; it went out from him immortal thoughts. It came to him business; it went from him poetry. It was dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand, and it can go. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires.[15] Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing.

Or, I might say, it depends on how far the process had gone, of transmuting life into truth. In proportion to the completeness of the distillation, so will the purity and imperishableness of the product be. But none is quite perfect. As no air-pump can by any means make a perfect vacuum,[16] so neither can any artist entirely exclude the conventional, the local, the perishable from his book, or write a book of pure thought, that shall be as efficient, in all respects, to a remote posterity, as to contemporaries, or rather to the second age. Each age, it is found, must write its own books; or rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this.

Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation, the act of thought, is instantly transferred to the record. The poet chanting was felt to be a divine man. Henceforth the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit. Henceforward it is settled the book is perfect; as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue. Instantly the book becomes noxious.[17] The guide is a tyrant. We sought a brother, and lo, a governor. The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, always slow to open to the incursions of Reason, having once so opened, having once received this book, stands upon it, and makes an outcry if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers, not by Man Thinking, by men of talent, that is, who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke,[18] which Bacon,[19] have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.

Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the bookworm. Hence the book-learned class, who value books, as such; not as related to nature and the human constitution, but as making a sort of Third Estate[20]



with the world and soul. Hence the restorers of readings,[21] the emendators,[22] the bibliomaniacs[23] of all degrees. This is bad; this is worse than it seems.

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire.[24] I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world of value is the active soul,--the soul, free, sovereign, active. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although in almost all men obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth and utters truth, or creates. In this action it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man.[25] In its essence it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they,--let us hold by this. They pin me down.[26] They look backward and not forward. But genius always looks forward. The eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead. Man hopes. Genius creates. To create,--to create,--is the proof of a divine presence. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his;[27]--cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words, that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.

On the other part, instead of being its own seer, let it receive always from another mind its truth, though it were in torrents of light, without periods of solitude, inquest, and self-recovery; and a fatal disservice[28] is done. Genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by over-influence.[29] The literature of every nation bear me witness. The English dramatic poets have Shakespearized now for two hundred years.[30]

Undoubtedly there is a right way of reading, so it be sternly subordinated. Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings.[31] But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must,--when the soul seeth not, when the sun is hid and the stars withdraw their shining,--we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is.[32] We hear, that we may speak. The Arabian proverb says, "A fig-tree, looking on a fig-tree, becometh fruitful."

It is remarkable, the character of the pleasure we derive from the best books. They impress us ever with the conviction that one nature

wrote and the same reads. We read the verses of one of the great English poets, of Chaucer,[33] of Marvell,[34] of Dryden,[35] with the most modern joy,--with a pleasure, I mean, which is in great part caused by the abstraction of all \_time\_ from their verses. There is some awe mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world, two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul, that which I also had well-nigh thought and said. But for the evidence thence afforded to the philosophical doctrine of the identity of all minds, we should suppose some pre-established harmony, some foresight of souls that were to be, and some preparation of stores for their future wants, like the fact observed in insects, who lay up food before death for the young grub they shall never see.

I would not be hurried by any love of system, by any exaggeration of instincts, to underrate the Book. We all know that as the human body can be nourished on any food, though it were boiled grass and the broth of shoes, so the human mind can be fed by any knowledge. And great and heroic men have existed who had almost no other information than by the printed page. I only would say that it needs a strong head to bear that diet. One must be an inventor to read well. As the proverb says, "He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry out the wealth of the Indies." There is then creative reading as well as creative writing. When the mind is braced by labor and invention, the page of whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. Every sentence is doubly significant, and the sense of our author is as broad as the world. We then see, what is always true, that as the seer's hour of vision is short and rare among heavy days and months, so is its record, perchance, the least part of his volume. The discerning will read, in his Plato[36] or Shakespeare, only that least part,--only the authentic utterances of the oracle;--all the rest he rejects, were it never so many times Plato's and Shakespeare's.

Of course there is a portion of reading quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable office,--to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by the concentrated fires set the hearts of their youth on flame. Thought and knowledge are natures in which apparatus and pretension avail nothing. Gowns[37] and pecuniary foundations,[38] though of towns of gold, can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit.[39] Forget this, and our American colleges will recede in their public importance, whilst they grow richer every year.

\* \* \* \*

III. There goes in the world a notion that the scholar should be a recluse, a valetudinarian,[40]--as unfit for any handiwork or public labor as a penknife for an axe. The so-called "practical men" sneer at speculative men, as if, because they speculate or \_see\_, they could do nothing. I have heard it said that the clergy--who are always, more universally than any other class, the scholars of their day--are addressed as women; that the rough, spontaneous conversation of men they do not hear, but only a mincing[41] and diluted speech. They are often virtually disfranchised; and indeed there are advocates for their celibacy. As far as this is true of the studious classes, it is not just and wise. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. Whilst the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we cannot even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble[42] of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know, as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not.

The world--this shadow of the soul, or \_other me\_, lies wide around. Its attractions are the keys which unlock my thoughts and make me acquainted with myself. I launch eagerly into this resounding tumult. I grasp the hands of those next me, and take my place in the ring to suffer and to work, taught by an instinct that so shall the dumb abyss[43] be vocal with speech. I pierce its order; I dissipate its fear;[44] I dispose of it within the circuit of my expanding life. So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of the wilderness have I vanquished and planted, or so far have I extended my being, my dominion. I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action passed by, as a loss of power.

It is the raw material out of which the intellect molds her splendid products. A strange process too, this by which experience is converted into thought, as a mulberry-leaf is converted into satin.[45] The manufacture goes forward at all hours.

The actions and events of our childhood and youth are now matters of calmest observation. They lie like fair pictures in the air. Not so with our recent actions,--with the business which we now have in hand. On this we are quite unable to speculate. Our affections as yet circulate through it. We no more feel or know it than we feel the feet, or the hand, or the brain of our body. The new deed is yet a part of life,--remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life. In some contemplative hour it detaches itself from the life like a ripe fruit,[46] to become a thought of the mind. Instantly it is raised, transfigured; the corruptible has put on incorruption.[47] Henceforth

it is an object of beauty, however base its origin and neighborhood. Observe, too, the impossibility of antedating this act. In its grub state it cannot fly, it cannot shine, it is a dull grub. But suddenly, without observation, the selfsame thing unfurls beautiful wings, and is an angel of wisdom. So is there no fact, no event, in our private history, which shall not, sooner or later, lose its adhesive, inert form, and astonish us by soaring from our body into the empyrean.[48] Cradle and infancy, school and playground, the fear of boys, and dogs, and ferules,[49] the love of little maids and berries, and many another fact that once filled the whole sky, are gone already; friend and relative, profession and party, town and country, nation and world, must also soar and sing.[50]

Of course, he who has put forth his total strength in fit actions has the richest return of wisdom. I will not shut myself out of this globe of action, and transplant an oak into a flower-pot, there to hunger and pine; nor trust the revenue of some single faculty, and exhaust one vein of thought, much like those Savoyards,[51] who, getting their livelihood by carving shepherds, shepherdesses, and smoking Dutchmen, for all Europe, went out one day to the mountain to find stock, and discovered that they had whittled up the last of their pine-trees. Authors we have, in numbers, who have written out their vein, and who, moved by a commendable prudence, sail for Greece or Palestine, follow the trapper into the prairie, or ramble round Algiers, to replenish their merchantable stock.

If it were only for a vocabulary, the scholar would be covetous of action. Life is our dictionary.[52] Years are well spent in country labors; in town; in the insight into trades and manufactures; in frank intercourse with many men and women; in science; in art; to the one end of mastering in all their facts a language by which to illustrate and embody our perceptions. I learn immediately from any speaker how much he has already lived, through the poverty or the splendor of his speech. Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and copestones for the masonry of to-day. This is the way to learn grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the work-yard made.

But the final value of action, like that of books, and better than books, is that it is a resource. That great principle of Undulation in nature, that shows itself in the inspiring and expiring of the breath; in desire and satiety; in the ebb and flow of the sea; in day and night; in heat and cold; and, as yet more deeply ingrained in every atom and every fluid, is known to us under the name of Polarity,--these "fits of easy transmission and reflection," as Newton[53] called them, are the law of nature because they are the law of spirit.

The mind now thinks, now acts, and each fit reproduces the other. When the artist has exhausted his materials, when the fancy no longer

paints, when thoughts are no longer apprehended and books are a weariness,--he has always the resource \_to live\_. Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think. Does he lack organ or medium to impart his truth? He can still fall back on this elemental force of living them. This is a total act. Thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. Those "far from fame," who dwell and act with him, will feel the force of his constitution in the doings and passages of the day better than it can be measured by any public and designed display. Time shall teach him that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives. Herein he unfolds the sacred germ of his instinct, screened from influence. What is lost in seemliness is gained in strength. Not out of those on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new, but out of unhandselled[54] savage nature; out of terrible Druids[55] and Berserkers[56] come at last Alfred[57] and Shakespeare. I hear therefore with joy whatever is beginning to be said of the dignity and necessity of labor to every citizen. There is virtue yet in the hoe and the spade,[58] for learned as well as for unlearned hands. And labor is everywhere welcome; always we are invited to work; only be this limitation observed, that a man shall not for the sake of wider activity sacrifice any opinion to the popular judgments and modes of action.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have now spoken of the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action. It remains to say somewhat of his duties.

They are such as become Man Thinking. They may all be comprised in self-trust. The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. He plies the slow, unhonored, and unpaid task of observation. Flamsteed[59] and Herschel,[60] in their glazed observatories, may catalogue the stars with the praise of all men, and, the results being splendid and useful, honor is sure. But he, in his private observatory, cataloguing obscure and nebulous[61] stars of the human mind, which as yet no man has thought of as such,--watching days and months sometimes for a few facts; correcting still his old records,--must relinquish display and immediate fame. In the long period of his preparation he must betray often an ignorance and shiftlessness in popular arts, incurring the disdain of the able who shoulder him aside. Long he must stammer in his speech; often forego the living for the dead. Worse yet, he must accept--how often!--poverty and solitude. For the ease and pleasure of treading the old road, accepting the fashions, the education, the religion of society, he takes the cross of making his own, and, of course, the self-accusation, the faint heart, the frequent uncertainty

and loss of time, which are the nettles and tangling vines in the way of the self-relying and self-directed; and the state of virtual hostility in which he seems to stand to society, and especially to educated society. For all this loss and scorn, what offset? He is to find consolation in exercising the highest functions of human nature. He is one who raises himself from private considerations and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts. He is the world's eye. He is the world's heart. He is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever to barbarism, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and the conclusions of history. Whatsoever oracles the human heart, in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its commentary on the world of actions,--these he shall receive and impart. And whatsoever new verdict Reason from her inviolable seat pronounces on the passing men and events of to-day,--this he shall hear and promulgate.

These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. He and he only knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetich[62] of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up[63] by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the poorest thought which the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable[64] of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach, and bide his own time,--happy enough if he can satisfy himself alone that this day he has seen something truly. Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns that in going down into the secrets of his own mind he has descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that which men in cities vast find true for them also. The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions, his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses, until he finds that he is the complement[65] of his hearers;--that they drink his words because he fulfills for them their own nature; the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder he finds this is the most acceptable, most public and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels--This is my music; this is myself.

In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be,--free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom,

"without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution." Brave; for fear is a thing which a scholar by his very function puts behind him. Fear always springs from ignorance. It is a shame to him if his tranquility, amid dangerous times, arise from the presumption that like children and women his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes, and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles to keep his courage up. So is the danger a danger still; so is the fear worse. Manlike let him turn and face it. Let him look into its eye and search its nature, inspect its origin,--see the whelping of this lion,--which lies no great way back; he will then find in himself a perfect comprehension of its nature and extent; he will have made his hands meet on the other side, and can henceforth defy it and pass on superior. The world is his who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold is there only by sufferance,--by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.

Yes, we are the cowed,--we the trustless. It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but in proportion as a man has any thing in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet[66] and form. Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind. They are the kings of the world who give the color of their present thought to all nature and all art, and persuade men, by the cheerful serenity of their carrying the matter, that this thing which they do is the apple which the ages have desired to pluck, now at last ripe, and inviting nations to the harvest. The great man makes the great thing. Wherever Macdonald[67] sits, there is the head of the table. Linnæus[68] makes botany the most alluring of studies, and wins it from the farmer and the herb-woman: Davy,[69] chemistry; and Cuvier,[70] fossils. The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.[71]

For this self-trust, the reason is deeper than can be fathomed,--darker than can be enlightened. I might not carry with me the feeling of my audience in stating my own belief. But I have already shown the ground of my hope, in adverting to the doctrine that man is one. I believe man has been wronged; he has wronged himself. He has almost lost the light that can lead him back to his prerogatives. Men are become of no account. Men in history, men in the world of to-day, are bugs, are spawn, and are called "the mass" and "the herd." In a century, in a millennium, one or two men;[72] that is to say, one or two

approximations to the right state of every man. All the rest behold in the hero or the poet their own green and crude being,--ripened; yes, and are content to be less, so \_that\_ may attain to its full stature. What a testimony, full of grandeur, full of pity, is borne to the demands of his own nature, by the poor clansman, the poor partisan, who rejoices in the glory of his chief! The poor and the low find some amends to their immense moral capacity, for their acquiescence in a political and social inferiority.[73] They are content to be brushed like flies from the path of a great person, so that justice shall be done by him to that common nature which it is the dearest desire of all to see enlarged and glorified. They sun themselves in the great man's light, and feel it to be their own element. They cast the dignity of man from their downtrodden selves upon the shoulders of a hero, and will perish to add one drop of blood to make that great heart beat, those giant sinews combat and conquer. He lives for us, and we live in him.

Men such as they[74] are very naturally seek money or power; and power because it is as good as money,--the "spoils," so called, "of office." And why not? For they aspire to the highest, and this, in their sleep-walking, they dream is highest. Wake them and they shall quit the false good and leap to the true, and leave governments to clerks and desks. This revolution is to be wrought by the gradual domestication of the idea of Culture. The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man. Here are the materials strewn along the ground. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy, more formidable to its enemy, more sweet and serene in its influence to its friend, than any kingdom in history. For a man, rightly viewed, comprehendeth[75] the particular natures of all men. Each philosopher, each bard, each actor has only done for me, as by a delegate, what one day I can do for myself. The books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye, we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eyes of one scribe; we have been that man, and have passed on. First, one, then another, we drain all cisterns, and waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and a more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person who shall set a barrier on any one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire. It is one central fire, which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily, and now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men.

\* \* \* \* \*

But I have dwelt perhaps tediously upon this abstraction of the Scholar. I ought not to delay longer to add what I have to say of nearer reference to the time and to this country.



Historically, there is thought to be a difference in the ideas which predominate over successive epochs, and there are data for marking the genius of the Classic, of the Romantic, and now of the Reflective or Philosophical age.[76] With the views I have intimated of the oneness or the identity of the mind through all individuals, I do not much dwell on these differences. In fact, I believe each individual passes through all three. The boy is a Greek; the youth, romantic; the adult, reflective. I deny not, however, that a revolution in the leading idea may be distinctly enough traced.

Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion.[77] Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical. We are embarrassed with second thoughts.[78] We cannot enjoy anything for hankering to know whereof the pleasure consists. We are lined with eyes. We see with our feet. The time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness,--

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."[79]

Is it so bad then? Sight is the last thing to be pitied. Would we be blind? Do we fear lest we should outsee nature and God, and drink truth dry? I look upon the discontent of the literary class as a mere announcement of the fact that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried; as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim. If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of Revolution; when the old and the new stand side by side and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? This time, like all times, is a very good one, if we but know what to do with it.

I read with some joy of the auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state.

One of these signs is the fact that the same movement[80] which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state assumed in literature a very marked and as benign an aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful, the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetized. That which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries, is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. It is a sign--is it not?--of new vigor when the extremities are made active, when currents of warm life run into the hands and the feet. I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or

Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds. What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eye; the form and the gait of the body;--show me the ultimate reason of these matters; show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of nature; let me see every trifle bristling with the polarity that ranges it instantly on an eternal law;[81] and the shop, the plow, and the ledger referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing;--and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber-room, but has form and order: there is no trifle, there is no puzzle, but one design unites and animates the farthest pinnacle and the lowest trench.

This idea has inspired the genius of Goldsmith,[82] Burns,[83] Cowper,[84] and, in a newer time, of Goethe,[85] Wordsworth,[86] and Carlyle.[87] This idea they have differently followed and with various success. In contrast with their writing, the style of Pope,[88] of Johnson,[89] of Gibbon,[90] looks cold and pedantic. This writing is blood-warm. Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote. The near explains the far. The drop is a small ocean. A man is related to all nature. This perception of the worth of the vulgar is fruitful in discoveries. Goethe, in this very thing the most modern of the moderns, has shown us, as none ever did, the genius of the ancients.

There is one man of genius who has done much for this philosophy of life, whose literary value has never yet been rightly estimated:--I mean Emanuel Swedenborg.[91] The most imaginative of men, yet writing with the precision of a mathematician, he endeavored to engraft a purely philosophical Ethics on the popular Christianity of his time. Such an attempt of course must have difficulty which no genius could surmount. But he saw and showed the connexion between nature and the affections of the soul. He pierced the emblematic or spiritual character of the visible, audible, tangible world. Especially did his shade-loving muse hover over and interpret the lower parts of nature; he showed the mysterious bond that allies moral evil to the foul material forms, and has given in epical parables a theory of insanity, of beasts, of unclean and fearful things.

Another sign of our times, also marked by an analogous political movement, is the new importance given to the single person. Everything that tends to insulate the individual--to surround him with barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world is his, and man shall treat with man as a sovereign state with a sovereign state--tends to true union as well as greatness. "I learned," said the melancholy Pestalozzi,[92] "that no man in God's wide earth is either

willing or able to help any other man." Help must come from the bosom alone. The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future. He must be an university of knowledges. If there be one lesson more than another that should pierce his ear, it is--The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all; it is for you to dare all. Mr. President and Gentlemen, this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequence. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself. There is no work for any one but the decorous and the complaisant. Young men of the fairest promise, who begin life upon our shores, inflated by the mountain winds, shined upon by all the stars of God, find the earth below not in unison with these, but are hindered from action by the disgust which the principles on which business is managed inspire, and turn drudges, or die of disgust, some of them suicides. What is the remedy? They did not yet see, and thousands of young men as hopeful now crowding to the barriers for the career do not yet see, that if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. Patience,--patience; with the shades of all the good and great for company; and for solace the perspective of your own infinite life; and for work the study and the communication of principles, the making those instincts prevalent, the conversion of the world. Is it not the chief disgrace in the world, not to be an unit; not to be reckoned one character; not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section, to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the north, or the south? Not so, brothers and friends,--please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. Then shall man be no longer a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence. The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defense and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men.

---

## THE ARMY AT PITTSBURG LANDING.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *My Days and Nights on the Battle-Field*, by Charles Carleton Coffin

On the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, one of the greatest battles of the war was fought near Pittsburg Landing in Tennessee, on the west bank of the Tennessee River, about twelve miles from the northeast corner of the State of Mississippi. The Rebels call it the battle of Shiloh, because it was fought near Shiloh Church. I did not see the terrible contest, but I reached the place soon after the fight, in season to see the guns, cannon, wagons, knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, which were scattered over the ground, and the newly-made graves where the dead had just been buried. I was in camp upon the field several weeks, and saw the woods, the plains, hills, ravines. Officers and men who were in the fight pointed out the places where they stood, showed me where the Rebels advanced, where their batteries were, how they advanced and retreated, how the tide of victory ebbed and flowed. Having been so early on the ground, and having listened to the stories of a great many persons, I shall try to give you a correct account. It will be a difficult task, however, for the stories are conflicting. No two persons see a battle alike; each has his own stand-point. He sees what takes place around him. No other one will tell a story like his. Men have different temperaments. One is excited, and another is cool and collected. Men live fast in battle. Every nerve is excited, every sense intensified, and it is only by taking the accounts of different observers that an accurate view can be obtained.

After the capture of Fort Donelson, you remember that General Johnston retreated through Nashville towards the South. A few days later the Rebels evacuated Columbus on the Mississippi. They were obliged to concentrate their forces. They saw that Memphis would be the next point of attack, and they must defend it. All of their energies were aroused. The defeat of the Union army at Bull Run, you remember, caused a great uprising of the North, and so the fall of Donelson stirred the people of the South.

If you look at the map of Tennessee, you will notice, about twenty miles from Pittsburg Landing, the town of Corinth. It is at the junction of the Memphis and Charleston and the Mobile and Ohio Railroads, which made it an important place to the Rebels.

"Corinth must be defended," said the Memphis newspapers.

[Illustration: PITTSBURG LANDING AND VICINITY.]

Governor Harris of Tennessee issued a proclamation calling upon the people to enlist.

"As Governor of your State, and Commander-in-Chief of its army, I call upon every able-bodied man of the State, without regard to age, to enlist in its service. I command him who can obtain a weapon to march with our armies. I ask him who can repair or forge an arm to make it ready at once for the soldier."

General Beauregard was sent in great haste to the West by Jeff Davis, who hoped that the fame and glory which he had won by attacking Fort Sumter and at Bull Run would rouse the people of the Southwest and save the failing fortunes of the Confederacy.

To Corinth came the flower of the Southern army. All other points were weakened to save Corinth. From Pensacola came General Bragg and ten thousand Alabamians, who had watched for many months the little frowning fortress on Santa Rosa Island. The troops which had been at Mobile to resist the landing of General Butler from Ship Island were hastened north upon the trains of the Mobile and Ohio road. General Beauregard called upon the Governors of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana for additional troops.

General Polk, who had been a bishop before the war, sent down two divisions from Columbus on the Mississippi. General Johnston with his retreating army hastened on, and thus all the Rebel troops in the Southwestern States were mustered at Corinth.

The call to take up arms was responded to everywhere; old men and boys came trooping into the place. They came from Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri. Beauregard labored with unremitting energy to create an army which would be powerful enough to drive back the Union troops, recover Tennessee, and invade Kentucky.

General Grant, after the capture of Donelson, moved his army, on steamboats, down the Cumberland and up the Tennessee, to Pittsburg Landing. He made his head-quarters at Savannah, a small town ten miles below Pittsburg Landing, on the east side of the river.

General Buell, who had followed General Johnston through Nashville with the army of the Ohio, was slowly making his way across the country to join General Grant. The Rebel generals had the railroads, by which they could rapidly concentrate their troops, and they determined to attack General Grant at Pittsburg, with their superior force, before General Buell could join him. Beauregard had his pickets within four miles of General Grant's force, and he could move his entire army within striking distance before General Grant would know of his danger. He calculated that he could annihilate General Grant, drive him into the river, or force him to surrender, capture all of his cannon, wagons, ammunition, provisions, steamboats,--everything,--by a sudden stroke. If he

succeeded, he could then move against General Buell, destroy his army, and not only recover all that had been lost, but he would also redeem Kentucky and invade Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

All but one division of General Grant's army was at Pittsburg. Two miles above the Landing the river begins to make its great eastern bend. Lick Creek comes in from the west, at the bend. Three miles below Pittsburg is Snake Creek, which also comes in from the west. Five miles further down is Crump's Landing. General Lewis Wallace's division was near Crump's, but the other divisions were between the two creeks. The banks of the river are seventy-five feet high, and the country is a succession of wooded hills, with numerous ravines. There are a few clearings and farm-houses, but it is nearly all forest,--tall oak-trees, with here and there thickets of underbrush. The farmers cultivate a little corn, cotton, and tobacco. The country has been settled many years, but is almost as wild as when the Indians possessed the land.

Pittsburg is the nearest point to Corinth on the river. The road from the Landing winds up the bank, passes along the edge of a deep ravine, and leads southwest. As you go up the road, you come to a log-cabin about a mile from the river. There is a peach-orchard near by. There the roads fork. The left-hand road takes you to Hamburg, the middle one is the Ridge road to Corinth, and the third is the road to Shiloh Church, called also the Lower Corinth road. There are other openings in the woods,--old cotton-fields. Three miles out from the river you come to Shiloh Church. A clear brook, which is fed by springs, gurgles over a sandy bed, close by the church. You fill your canteen, and find it excellent water. On Sunday noons, the people who come to church sit down beneath the grand old trees, eat their dinners, and drink from the brook.

It is not such a church as you see in your own village. It has no tall steeple or tapering spire, no deep-toned bell, no organ, no singing-seats or gallery, no pews or carpeted aisles. It is built of logs. It was chinked with clay years ago, but the rains have washed it out. You can thrust your hand between the cracks. It is thirty or forty feet square. It has places for windows, but there are no sashes, and of course no glass. As you stand within, you can see up to the roof, supported by hewn rafters, and covered with split shingles, which shake and rattle when the wind blows. It is the best-ventilated church you ever saw. It has no pews, but only rough seats for the congregation. A great many of the churches of this section of the country are no better than this. Slavery does not build neat churches and school-houses, as a general thing. Around this church the battle raged fearfully.

Not far from the church, a road leads northeast towards Crump's Landing, and another northwest towards the town of Purdy. By the church, along the road leading down to the Landing, at the peach-orchard, and in the ravines you find the battle-ground.

General Johnston was senior commander of the Rebel army. He had Beauregard, Bragg, Polk, Hardee, Cheatham,--all Major-Generals, who had been educated at West Point, at the expense of the United States. They were considered to be the ablest generals in the Rebel service. General Breckenridge was there. He was Vice-President under Buchanan, and was but a few weeks out of his seat in the Senate of the United States. He was, you remember, the slaveholders' candidate for President in 1860. Quite likely he felt very sour against the Northern people, because he was not elected President.

The Rebel army numbered between forty and fifty thousand men. General Johnston worked with all his might to organize into brigades the troops which were flocking in from all quarters. It was of the utmost importance that the attack should be made before General Buell joined General Grant. The united and concentrated forces of Beauregard, Bragg, and Johnston outnumbered Grant's army by fifteen thousand. General Van Dorn, with thirty thousand men, was expected from Arkansas. They were to come by steamboat to Memphis, and were to be transported to Corinth by the Memphis and Charleston Railroad; but Van Dorn was behind time, and, unless the attack was made at once, it would be too late, for the combined armies of Grant and Buell would outnumber the Rebels. At midnight, on the 1st of April, Johnston learned that General Buell's advance divisions were within two or three days' march of Savannah. He immediately issued his orders to his corps commanders, directing the routes which each was to take in advancing towards Pittsburg.

The troops began their march on Thursday morning. They were in excellent spirits. They cheered, swung their hats, and marched with great enthusiasm. The Rebel officers, who knew the situation, the ground where General Grant was encamped, believed that his army would be annihilated. They assured the troops it would be a great and glorious victory.

The distance was only eighteen miles, and General Johnston intended to strike the blow at daylight on Saturday morning, but it rained hard Friday night, and the roads in the morning were so muddy that the artillery could not move. It was late Saturday afternoon before his army was in position. It was too near night to make the attack. He examined the ground, distributed ammunition, posted the artillery, gave the men extra rations, and waited for Sunday morning.

The Union army rested in security. No intrenchments were thrown up on the hills and along the ridges. No precautions were taken against surprise. The officers and soldiers did not dream of being attacked. They were unprepared. The divisions were not in order for battle. They were preparing to advance upon Corinth, and were to march when General Halleck, who was at St. Louis, commanding the department, should take the field.

On the evening of Friday the pickets on the Corinth road, two miles out from Shiloh Church, were fired upon. A body of Rebels rushed through the woods, and captured several officers and men. The Seventieth, Seventy-second, and Forty-eighth Ohio, of General Sherman's division, were sent out upon a reconnoissance. They came upon a couple of Rebel regiments, and, after a sharp action, drove them back to a Rebel battery, losing three or four prisoners and taking sixteen. General Lewis Wallace ordered out his division, and moved up from Crump's Landing a mile or two, and the troops stood under arms in the rain, that poured in torrents through the night, to be ready for an attack from that direction; but nothing came of it. There was more skirmishing on Saturday,--a continual firing along the picket lines. All supposed that the Rebels were making a reconnoissance. No one thought that one of the greatest battles of the war was close at hand. General Grant went down the river to Savannah on Saturday night. The troops dried their clothes in the sun, cooked their suppers, told their evening stories, and put out their lights at tattoo, as usual.

To get at the position of General Grant's army, let us start from Pittsburg Landing. It is a very busy place at the Landing. Forty or fifty steamboats are there, and hundreds of men are rolling out barrels of sugar, bacon, pork, beef, boxes of bread, bundles of hay, and thousands of sacks of corn. There are several hundred wagons waiting to transport the supplies to the troops. A long train winds up the hill towards the west.

Ascending the hill, you come to the forks of the roads. The right-hand road leads to Crump's Landing. You see General Smith's old division, which took the rifle-pits at Donelson, on the right-hand side of the road in the woods. It is commanded now by W. H. L. Wallace, who has been made a Brigadier-General for his heroism at Donelson. There have been many changes of commanders since that battle. Colonels who commanded regiments there are now brigade commanders.

Keeping along the Shiloh road a few rods, you come to the road which leads to Hamburg. Instead of turning up that, you keep on a little farther to the Ridge road, leading to Corinth. General Prentiss's division is on that road, two miles out, towards the southwest. Instead of taking that road, you still keep on the right-hand one, travelling nearly west all the while, and you come to McClernand's division, which is encamped in a long line on both sides of the road. Here you see Dresser's, Taylor's, Schwartz's, and McAllister's batteries, and all those regiments which fought so determinedly at Donelson. They face northwest. Their line is a little east of the church.

Passing over to the church, you see that a number of roads centre there,--one coming in from the northwest, which will take you to Purdy; one from the northeast, which will carry you to Crump's Landing; the road up which you have travelled from Pittsburg Landing; one from the



southeast, which will take you to Hamburg; and one from the southwest, which is the lower road to Corinth.

You see, close by the church, on both sides of this lower road to Corinth, General Sherman's division, not facing northwest, but nearly south. McClernand's left and Sherman's left are close together. They form the two sides of a triangle, the angle being at the left wings. They are in a very bad position to be attacked.

Take the Hamburg road now, and go southeast two miles and you come to the crossing of the Ridge road to Corinth, where you will find General Prentiss's division, before mentioned. Keeping on, you come to Lick Creek. It has high, steep banks. It is fordable at this point, and Colonel Stuart's brigade of Sherman's division is there, guarding the crossing. The brook which gurgles past the church empties into the creek. You see that Prentiss's entire division, and the left wing of McClernand's, is between Stuart's brigade and the rest of Sherman's division. There are detached regiments encamped in the woods near the Landing, which have just arrived, and have not been brigaded. There are also two regiments of cavalry in rear of these lines. There are several pieces of siege artillery on the top of the hill near the Landing, but there are no artillerists or gunners to serve them.

You see that the army does not expect to be attacked. The cavalry ought to be out six or eight miles on picket; but they are here, the horses quietly eating their oats. The infantry pickets ought to be out three or four miles, but they are not a mile and a half advanced from the camp. The army is in a bad position to resist a sudden attack from a superior force. McClernand ought not to be at right angles with Sherman, Stuart ought not to be separated from his division by Prentiss, and General Lewis Wallace is too far away to render prompt assistance. Besides, General Grant is absent, and there is no commander-in-chief on the field. You wonder that no preparations have been made to resist an attack, no breastworks thrown up, no proper disposition of the forces, no extended reconnoissances by the cavalry, and that, after the skirmishing on Friday and Saturday, all hands should lie down so quietly in their tents on Saturday night. They did not dream that fifty thousand Rebels were ready to strike them at daybreak.

General Johnston's plan of attack was submitted to his corps commanders and approved by them. It was to hurl the entire army upon Prentiss and Sherman. He had four lines of troops, extending from Lick Creek on the right to the southern branch of Snake Creek on the left, a distance of about two miles and a half.

The front line was composed of Major-General Hardee's entire corps, with General Gladden's brigade of Bragg's corps added on the right. The artillery was placed in front, followed closely by the infantry. Squadrons of cavalry were thrown out on both wings to sweep the woods

and drive in the Union pickets.

About five hundred yards in rear of Hardee was the second line, Bragg's corps in the same order as Hardee's. Eight hundred yards in rear of Bragg was General Polk, his left wing supported by cavalry, his batteries in position to advance at a moment's notice. The reserve, under General Breckenridge, followed close upon Polk. Breckenridge's and Polk's corps were both reckoned as reserves. They had instructions to act as they thought best. There were from ten to twelve thousand men in each line.

The Rebel troops had received five days' rations on Friday,--meat and bread in their haversacks. They were not permitted to kindle a fire except in holes in the ground. No loud talking was allowed; no drums beat the tattoo, no bugle-note rang through the forest. They rolled themselves in their blankets, knowing at daybreak they were to strike the terrible blow. They were confident of success. They were assured by their officers it would be an easy victory, and that on Sunday night they should sleep in the Yankee camp, eat Yankee bread, drink real coffee, and have new suits of clothes.

In the evening General Johnston called his corps commanders around his bivouac fire for a last talk before the battle. Although Johnston was commander-in-chief, Beauregard planned the battle. Johnston was Beauregard's senior, but the battle-ground was in Beauregard's department. He gave directions to the officers.

Mr. William G. Stevenson, of Kentucky, who was in Arkansas when the war broke out, was impressed into the Rebel service. He acted as special \_aide-de-camp\_ to General Breckenridge in that battle. He escaped from the Rebel service a few months later, and has published an interesting narrative of what he saw.[8] He stood outside the circle of generals waiting by his horse in the darkness to carry any despatch for his commander. He gives this description of the scene:--

[Footnote 8: "Thirteen Months in the Rebel Service."]

"In an open space, with a dim fire in the midst, and a drum on which to write, you could see grouped around their 'Little Napoleon,' as Beauregard was sometimes fondly called, ten or twelve generals, the flickering light playing over their eager faces, while they listened to his plans, and made suggestions as to the conduct of the fight.

"Beauregard soon warmed with his subject, and, throwing off his cloak, to give free play to his arms, he walked about the group, gesticulating rapidly, and jerking out his sentences with a strong French accent. All listened attentively, and the dim light, just revealing their countenances, showed

their different emotions of confidence or distrust of his plans.

"General Sidney Johnston stood apart from the rest, with his tall, straight form standing out like a spectre against the dim sky, and the illusion was fully sustained by the light-gray military cloak which he folded around him. His face was pale, but wore a determined expression, and at times he drew nearer the centre of the ring, and said a few words, which were listened to with great attention. It may be he had some foreboding of the fate he was to meet on the morrow, for he did not seem to take much part in the discussion.

"General Breckenridge lay stretched out on a blanket near the fire, and occasionally sat upright and added a few words of counsel. General Bragg spoke frequently, and with earnestness. General Polk sat on a camp-stool at the outside of the circle, and held his head between his hands, buried in thought. Others reclined or sat in various positions.

"For two hours the council lasted, and as it broke up, and the generals were ready to return to their respective commands, I heard General Beauregard say, raising his hand and pointing in the direction of the Federal camp, whose drums we could plainly hear, 'Gentlemen, we sleep in the enemy's camp to-morrow night.'"

The Confederate General, the same writer says, had minute information of General Grant's position and numbers. This knowledge was obtained through spies and informers, some of whom lived in the vicinity, had been in and out of Grant's camp again and again, and knew every foot of ground.

Under these circumstances, with a superior force, with accurate knowledge of the position of every brigade in General Grant's army, with troops in the best spirits, enthusiastic, ardent, expecting a victory, stealing upon a foe unsuspecting, unprepared, with brigades and divisions widely separated, with General Grant, the commander-in-chief, ten miles away, and General Buell's nearest troops twenty miles distant, the Rebel generals waited impatiently for the coming of the morning.

---

## **WHY THE PEOPLE OF THE MIDDLE AGES SAID THAT CITY AIR IS FREE AIR**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Story of Mankind*, by Hendrik van Loon

THE early part of the Middle Ages had been an era of pioneering and of settlement. A new people, who thus far had lived outside the wild range of forest, mountains and marshes which protected the north-eastern frontier of the Roman Empire, had forced its way into the plains of western Europe and had taken possession of most of the land. They were restless, as all pioneers have been since the beginning of time. They liked to be "on the go." They cut down the forests and they cut each other's throats with equal energy. Few of them wanted to live in cities. They insisted upon being "free," they loved to feel the fresh air of the hillsides fill their lungs while they drove their herds across the wind-swept pastures. When they no longer liked their old homes, they pulled up stakes and went away in search of fresh adventures.

The weaker ones died. The hardy fighters and the courageous women who had followed their men into the wilderness survived. In this way they developed a strong race of men. They cared little for the graces of life. They were too busy to play the fiddle or write pieces of poetry. They had little love for discussions. The priest, "the learned man" of the village (and before the middle of the thirteenth century, a layman who could read and write was regarded as a "sissy") was supposed to settle all questions which had no direct practical value. Meanwhile the German chieftain, the Frankish Baron, the Northman Duke (or whatever their names and titles) occupied their share of the territory which once had been part of the great Roman Empire and among the ruins of past glory, they built a world of their own which pleased them mightily and which they considered quite perfect.

They managed the affairs of their castle and the surrounding country to the best of their ability. They were as faithful to the commandments of the Church as any weak mortal could hope to be. They were sufficiently loyal to their king or emperor to keep on good terms with those distant but always dangerous potentates. In short, they tried to do right and to be fair to their neighbours without being exactly unfair to their own interests.

It was not an ideal world in which they found themselves. The greater part of the people were serfs or "villains," farm-hands who were as much a part of the soil upon which they lived as the cows and sheep whose stables they shared. Their fate was not particularly happy nor was it particularly unhappy. But what was one to do? The good Lord who ruled the world of the Middle Ages had undoubtedly ordered everything for the best. If He, in his wisdom, had decided that there must be both knights and serfs, it was not the duty of these faithful sons of the church to

question the arrangement. The serfs therefore did not complain but when they were too hard driven, they would die off like cattle which are not fed and stabled in the right way, and then something would be hastily done to better their condition. But if the progress of the world had been left to the serf and his feudal master, we would still be living after the fashion of the twelfth century, saying "abracadabra" when we tried to stop a tooth-ache, and feeling a deep contempt and hatred for the dentist who offered to help us with his "science," which most likely was of Mohammedan or heathenish origin and therefore both wicked and useless.

When you grow up you will discover that many people do not believe in "progress" and they will prove to you by the terrible deeds of some of our own contemporaries that "the world does not change." But I hope that you will not pay much attention to such talk. You see, it took our ancestors almost a million years to learn how to walk on their hind legs. Other centuries had to go by before their animal-like grunts developed into an understandable language. Writing--the art of preserving our ideas for the benefit of future generations, without which no progress is possible was invented only four thousand years ago. The idea of turning the forces of nature into the obedient servants of man was quite new in the days of your own grandfather. It seems to me, therefore, that we are making progress at an unheard-of rate of speed. Perhaps we have paid a little too much attention to the mere physical comforts of life. That will change in due course of time and we shall then attack the problems which are not related to health and to wages and plumbing and machinery in general.

But please do not be too sentimental about the "good old days." Many people who only see the beautiful churches and the great works of art which the Middle Ages have left behind grow quite eloquent when they compare our own ugly civilisation with its hurry and its noise and the evil smells of backfiring motor trucks with the cities of a thousand years ago. But these mediaeval churches were invariably surrounded by miserable hovels compared to which a modern tenement house stands forth as a luxurious palace. It is true that the noble Lancelot and the equally noble Parsifal, the pure young hero who went in search of the Holy Grail, were not bothered by the odor of gasoline. But there were other smells of the barnyard variety--odors of decaying refuse which had been thrown into the street--of pig-sties surrounding the Bishop's palace--of unwashed people who had inherited their coats and hats from their grandfathers and who had never learned the blessing of soap. I do not want to paint too unpleasant a picture. But when you read in the ancient chronicles that the King of France, looking out of the windows of his palace, fainted at the stench caused by the pigs rooting in the streets of Paris, when an ancient manuscript recounts a few details of an epidemic of the plague or of small-pox, then you begin to understand that "progress" is something more than a catchword used by modern advertising men.

No, the progress of the last six hundred years would not have been possible without the existence of cities. I shall, therefore, have to make this chapter a little longer than many of the others. It is too important to be reduced to three or four pages, devoted to mere political events.

The ancient world of Egypt and Babylonia and Assyria had been a world of cities. Greece had been a country of City-States. The history of Phoenicia was the history of two cities called Sidon and Tyre. The Roman Empire was the "hinterland" of a single town. Writing, art, science, astronomy, architecture, literature, the theatre--the list is endless--have all been products of the city.

For almost four thousand years the wooden bee-hive which we call a town had been the workshop of the world. Then came the great migrations. The Roman Empire was destroyed. The cities were burned down and Europe once more became a land of pastures and little agricultural villages. During the Dark Ages the fields of civilisation had lain fallow.

The Crusades had prepared the soil for a new crop. It was time for the harvest, but the fruit was plucked by the burghers of the free cities.

I have told you the story of the castles and the monasteries, with their heavy stone enclosures--the homes of the knights and the monks, who guarded men's bodies and their souls. You have seen how a few artisans (butchers and bakers and an occasional candle-stick maker) came to live near the castle to tend to the wants of their masters and to find protection in case of danger. Sometimes the feudal lord allowed these people to surround their houses with a stockade. But they were dependent for their living upon the good-will of the mighty Seigneur of the castle. When he went about they knelt before him and kissed his hand.

Then came the Crusades and many things changed. The migrations had driven people from the north-east to the west. The Crusades made millions of people travel from the west to the highly civilised regions of the south-east. They discovered that the world was not bounded by the four walls of their little settlement. They came to appreciate better clothes, more comfortable houses, new dishes, products of the mysterious Orient. After their return to their old homes, they insisted that they be supplied with those articles. The peddler with his pack upon his back--the only merchant of the Dark Ages--added these goods to his old merchandise, bought a cart, hired a few ex-crusaders to protect him against the crime wave which followed this great international war, and went forth to do business upon a more modern and larger scale. His career was not an easy one. Every time he entered the domains of another Lord he had to pay tolls and taxes. But the business was profitable all the same and the peddler continued to make his rounds.

Soon certain energetic merchants discovered that the goods which they had always imported from afar could be made at home. They turned part of their homes into a workshop. {sic} They ceased to be merchants and became manufacturers. They sold their products not only to the lord of the castle and to the abbot in his monastery, but they exported them to nearby towns. The lord and the abbot paid them with products of their farms, eggs and wines, and with honey, which in those early days was used as sugar. But the citizens of distant towns were obliged to pay in cash and the manufacturer and the merchant began to own little pieces of gold, which entirely changed their position in the society of the early Middle Ages.

It is difficult for you to imagine a world without money. In a modern city one cannot possibly live without money. All day long you carry a pocket full of small discs of metal to "pay your way." You need a nickel for the street-car, a dollar for a dinner, three cents for an evening paper. But many people of the early Middle Ages never saw a piece of coined money from the time they were born to the day of their death. The gold and silver of Greece and Rome lay buried beneath the ruins of their cities. The world of the migrations, which had succeeded the Empire, was an agricultural world. Every farmer raised enough grain and enough sheep and enough cows for his own use.

The mediaeval knight was a country squire and was rarely forced to pay for materials in money. His estates produced everything that he and his family ate and drank and wore on their backs. The bricks for his house were made along the banks of the nearest river. Wood for the rafters of the hall was cut from the baronial forest. The few articles that had to come from abroad were paid for in goods--in honey--in eggs--in fagots.

But the Crusades upset the routine of the old agricultural life in a very drastic fashion. Suppose that the Duke of Hildesheim was going to the Holy Land. He must travel thousands of miles and he must pay his passage and his hotel-bills. At home he could pay with products of his farm. But he could not well take a hundred dozen eggs and a cart-load of hams with him to satisfy the greed of the shipping agent of Venice or the inn-keeper of the Brenner Pass. These gentlemen insisted upon cash. His Lordship therefore was obliged to take a small quantity of gold with him upon his voyage. Where could he find this gold? He could borrow it from the Lombards, the descendants of the old Longobards, who had turned professional money-lenders, who seated behind their exchange-table (commonly known as "banco" or bank) were glad to let his Grace have a few hundred gold pieces in exchange for a mortgage upon his estates, that they might be repaid in case His Lordship should die at the hands of the Turks.

That was dangerous business for the borrower. In the end, the Lombards invariably owned the estates and the Knight became a bankrupt, who hired himself out as a fighting man to a more powerful and more careful

neighbour.

His Grace could also go to that part of the town where the Jews were forced to live. There he could borrow money at a rate of fifty or sixty percent. interest. That, too, was bad business. But was there a way out? Some of the people of the little city which surrounded the castle were said to have money. They had known the young lord all his life. His father and their fathers had been good friends. They would not be unreasonable in their demands. Very well. His Lordship's clerk, a monk who could write and keep accounts, sent a note to the best known merchants and asked for a small loan. The townspeople met in the work-room of the jeweller who made chalices for the nearby churches and discussed this demand. They could not well refuse. It would serve no purpose to ask for "interest." In the first place, it was against the religious principles of most people to take interest and in the second place, it would never be paid except in agricultural products and of these the people had enough and to spare.

"But," suggested the tailor who spent his days quietly sitting upon his table and who was somewhat of a philosopher, "suppose that we ask some favour in return for our money. We are all fond of fishing. But his Lordship won't let us fish in his brook. Suppose that we let him have a hundred ducats and that he give us in return a written guarantee allowing us to fish all we want in all of his rivers. Then he gets the hundred which he needs, but we get the fish and it will be good business all around."

The day his Lordship accepted this proposition (it seemed such an easy way of getting a hundred gold pieces) he signed the death-warrant of his own power. His clerk drew up the agreement. His Lordship made his mark (for he could not sign his name) and departed for the East. Two years later he came back, dead broke. The townspeople were fishing in the castle pond. The sight of this silent row of anglers annoyed his Lordship. He told his equerry to go and chase the crowd away. They went, but that night a delegation of merchants visited the castle. They were very polite. They congratulated his Lordship upon his safe return. They were sorry his Lordship had been annoyed by the fishermen, but as his Lordship might perhaps remember he had given them permission to do so himself, and the tailor produced the Charter which had been kept in the safe of the jeweller ever since the master had gone to the Holy Land.

His Lordship was much annoyed. But once more he was in dire need of some money. In Italy he had signed his name to certain documents which were now in the possession of Salvestro dei Medici, the well-known banker. These documents were "promissory notes" and they were due two months from date. Their total amount came to three hundred and forty pounds, Flemish gold. Under these circumstances, the noble knight could not well show the rage which filled his heart and his proud soul. Instead, he suggested another little loan. The merchants retired to discuss the



matter.

After three days they came back and said "yes." They were only too happy to be able to help their master in his difficulties, but in return for the 345 golden pounds would he give them another written promise (another charter) that they, the townspeople, might establish a council of their own to be elected by all the merchants and free citizens of the city, said council to manage civic affairs without interference from the side of the castle?

His Lordship was confoundedly angry. But again, he needed the money. He said yes, and signed the charter. Next week, he repented. He called his soldiers and went to the house of the jeweller and asked for the documents which his crafty subjects had cajoled out of him under the pressure of circumstances. He took them away and burned them. The townspeople stood by and said nothing. But when next his Lordship needed money to pay for the dowry of his daughter, he was unable to get a single penny. After that little affair at the jeweller's his credit was not considered good. He was forced to eat humble-pie and offer to make certain reparations. Before his Lordship got the first installment of the stipulated sum, the townspeople were once more in possession of all their old charters and a brand new one which permitted them to build a "city-hall" and a strong tower where all the charters might be kept protected against fire and theft, which really meant protected against future violence on the part of the Lord and his armed followers.

This, in a very general way, is what happened during the centuries which followed the Crusades. It was a slow process, this gradual shifting of power from the castle to the city. There was some fighting. A few tailors and jewellers were killed and a few castles went up in smoke. But such occurrences were not common. Almost imperceptibly the towns grew richer and the feudal lords grew poorer. To maintain themselves they were for ever forced to exchange charters of civic liberty in return for ready cash. The cities grew. They offered an asylum to run-away serfs who gained their liberty after they had lived a number of years behind the city walls. They came to be the home of the more energetic elements of the surrounding country districts. They were proud of their new importance and expressed their power in the churches and public buildings which they erected around the old market place, where centuries before the barter of eggs and sheep and honey and salt had taken place. They wanted their children to have a better chance in life than they had enjoyed themselves. They hired monks to come to their city and be school teachers. When they heard of a man who could paint pictures upon boards of wood, they offered him a pension if he would come and cover the walls of their chapels and their town hall with scenes from the Holy Scriptures.

Meanwhile his Lordship, in the dreary and drafty halls of his castle, saw all this up-start splendour and regretted the day when first he had

signed away a single one of his sovereign rights and prerogatives. But he was helpless. The townspeople with their well-filled strong-boxes snapped their fingers at him. They were free men, fully prepared to hold what they had gained by the sweat of their brow and after a struggle which had lasted for more than ten generations.

---

April correspondence from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The George Sand-Gustave Flaubert Letters*

Translated by A.L. McKensie

TO GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

Nohant, 11 **April**, 1867

Here I am back again in my nest, and almost cured from a bad fever which attacked me in Paris, the day before my departure.

Really your old troubadour has had ridiculous health for six months. March and April have been such stupid months for him. It makes no difference, however, for he is recovering again, and is seeing once more the trees and the grass grow, it is always the same thing and that is why it is beautiful and good. Maurice has been touched by the friendship that you have shown him; you have seduced and ravished him, and he is not demonstrative.

He and his wife,--who is not at all an ordinary woman,--desire absolutely that you come to our house this year, I am charged to tell you so very seriously and persistently if need be. And is that hateful grip gone? Maurice wanted to go to get news of you; but on seeing me so prostrated by the fever, he thought of nothing except packing me up and bringing me here like a parcel. I did nothing except sleep from Paris to Nohant and I was revived on receiving the kisses of Aurore who knows now how to give great kisses, laughing wildly all the while; she finds that very funny.

And the novel? Does it go on its way the same in Paris as in Croisset? It seems to me that everywhere you lead the same hermitlike existence. When you have the time to think of friends, remember your old comrade and send him two lines to tell him that you are well and that you don't forget him.

LV. TO GEORGE SAND

I am worried at not having news from you, dear master. What has

become of you? When shall I see you?

My trip to Nohant has fallen through. The reason is this: my mother had a little stroke a week ago. There is nothing left of it, but it might come on again. She is anxious for me, and I am going to hurry back to Croisset. If she is doing well towards the month of August, and I am not worried, it is not necessary to tell you that I shall rush headlong towards your home.

As regards news, Sainte-Beuve seems to me very ill, and Bouilhet has just been appointed librarian at Rouen.

Since the rumours of war have quieted down, people seem to me a little less foolish. My nausea caused by the public cowardice is decreasing.

I went twice to the Exposition; it is amazing. There are splendid and extraordinary things there. But man is made to swallow the infinite. One would have to know all sciences and all arts in order to be interested in everything that one sees on the Champ de Mars. Never mind; someone who had three entire months to himself, and went every morning to take notes, would save himself in consequence much reading and many journeys.

One feels oneself there very far from Paris, in a new and ugly world, an enormous world which is perhaps the world of the future. The first time that I lunched there, I thought all the time of America, and I wanted to speak like a negro.

---

AMPATA SAPA;

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Western Scenes and Reminiscences*, by  
Henry Rowe Schoolcraft

OR,

THE FIRST-WIFE.

A TRADITION OF THE DACOTAHS.

Ampata Sapa was the wife of a brave young hunter and warrior, by whom she had two children. They lived together in great happiness, which was only varied by the changes of a forest life. Sometimes they lived on the prairies; sometimes they built their wigwam in the forest, near the banks of a stream, and they paddled their canoe up and down the rivers.

In these trips they got fish, when they were tired of wild meats. In the summer season they kept on the open grounds; in the winter, they fixed their camp in a sheltered position, in the woods. The very change of their camp was a source of pleasure, for they were always on the look-out for something new. They had plenty, and they wanted nothing.

In this manner the first years of their marriage passed away. But it so happened, that as years went by, the reputation of her husband in the tribe increased, and he soon came to be regarded as a Weetshahstshy Atapee, or chief. This opened a new field for his ambition and pride. The fame of a chief, it is well known, is often increased by the number of his wives. His lodge was now thronged with visitors. Some came to consult him; some to gain his favour. All this gave Ampata Sapa no uneasiness, for the Red People like to have visitors, and to show hospitality. The first thing that caused a jar in her mind, was the rumour that her husband was about to take a new wife. This was like a poison in her veins; for she had a big heart. She was much attached to her husband, and she could not bear the idea of sharing his affections with another. But she found that the idea had already got strong hold of her husband's mind, and her remonstrances did little good. He defended himself on the ground, that it would give him greater influence in the tribe if he took the daughter of a noted chief. But before he had time to bring her to his lodge, Ampata Sapa had fled from it, taking her two children, and returned to her father's lodge. Her father lived at some distance, and here she remained a short time in quiet. The whole band soon moved up the Mississippi, to their hunting ground. She was glad to go with them, and would, indeed, have been glad to go any where, to get farther from the lodge of her faithless husband.

Here the winter wore away. When the Spring opened, they came back again to the banks of the river, and mended and fitted up the canoes, which they had left in the fall. In these they put their furs, and descended to the Falls of St. Anthony. Ampata Sapa lingered behind a short time the morning of their embarkation, as they began to draw near the rapids which precede the great plunge. She then put her canoe in the water, and embarked with her children. As she approached the falls, the increasing velocity of the current rendered the paddles of but little use. She rested with hers suspended in her hands, while she arose, and uttered her lament:

"It was him only that I loved, with the love of my heart. It was for him that I prepared, with joy, the fresh killed meat, and swept with boughs my lodge-fire. It was for him I dressed the skin of the noble deer, and worked, with my hands, the Moccasins that graced his feet.

"I waited while the sun ran his daily course, for his return from the chase, and I rejoiced in my heart when I heard his manly footsteps approach the lodge. He threw down his burden at the door--it was a haunch of the deer;--I flew to prepare the meat for his use.

"My heart was bound up in him, and he was all the world to me. But he has left me for another, and life is now a burden which I cannot bear. Even my children add to my griefs--they look so much like him. How can I support life, when all its moments are bitter! I have lifted up my voice to the Master of life. I have asked him to take back that life, which he gave, and which I no longer wish. I am on the current that hastens to fulfil my prayer. I see the white foam of the water. It is my shroud. I hear the deep murmur from below. It is my funeral song. Farewell."

It was too late to arrest her course. She had approached too near the abyss, before her purpose was discovered by her friends. They beheld her enter the foam--they saw the canoe for an instant, on the verge, and then disappear for ever. Such was the end of Ampata Sapa; and they say her canoe can sometimes be seen, by moonlight, plunging over the falls.

\* \* \* \* \*

Internal dissension has done more to destroy the Indian power in America, than the white man's sword. Could the tribes learn the wisdom of confederation, they might yet be saved. This is a problem now undergoing an interesting process of solution.

---

## **HOW THE ANIMALS OF THE WOOD SENT OUT A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION PART 1**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Sketches New and Old, Part 3*.  
by Mark Twain

Once the creatures of the forest held a great convention and appointed a commission consisting of the most illustrious scientists among them to go forth, clear beyond the forest and out into the unknown and unexplored world, to verify the truth of the matters already taught in their schools and colleges and also to make discoveries. It was the most imposing enterprise of the kind the nation had ever embarked in. True, the government had once sent Dr. Bull Frog, with a picked crew, to hunt for a northwesterly passage through the swamp to the right-hand corner of the wood, and had since sent out many expeditions to hunt for Dr. Bull Frog; but they never could find him, and so government finally gave him up and ennobled his mother to show its gratitude for the services her son had rendered to science. And once government sent Sir Grass Hopper to hunt for the sources of the rill that emptied into the swamp; and afterward sent out many expeditions to hunt for Sir Grass, and at last they were successful--they found his body, but if he had discovered the sources

meantime, he did not let on. So government acted handsomely by deceased, and many envied his funeral.

But these expeditions were trifles compared with the present one; for this one comprised among its servants the very greatest among the learned; and besides it was to go to the utterly unvisited regions believed to lie beyond the mighty forest--as we have remarked before. How the members were banqueted, and glorified, and talked about! Everywhere that one of them showed himself, straightway there was a crowd to gape and stare at him.

Finally they set off, and it was a sight to see the long procession of dry-land Tortoises heavily laden with savants, scientific instruments, Glow-Worms and Fire-Flies for signal service, provisions, Ants and Tumble-Bugs to fetch and carry and delve, Spiders to carry the surveying chain and do other engineering duty, and so forth and so on; and after the Tortoises came another long train of ironclads--stately and spacious Mud Turtles for marine transportation service; and from every Tortoise and every Turtle flaunted a flaming gladiolus or other splendid banner; at the head of the column a great band of Bumble-Bees, Mosquitoes, Katy-Dids, and Crickets discoursed martial music; and the entire train was under the escort and protection of twelve picked regiments of the Army Worm.

At the end of three weeks the expedition emerged from the forest and looked upon the great Unknown World. Their eyes were greeted with an impressive spectacle. A vast level plain stretched before them, watered by a sinuous stream; and beyond there towered up against the sky along and lofty barrier of some kind, they did not know what. The Tumble-Bug said he believed it was simply land tilted up on its edge, because he knew he could see trees on it. But Professor Snail and the others said:

"You are hired to dig, sir--that is all. We need your muscle, not your brains. When we want your opinion on scientific matters, we will hasten to let you know. Your coolness is intolerable, too--loafing about here meddling with august matters of learning, when the other laborers are pitching camp. Go along and help handle the baggage."

The Tumble-Bug turned on his heel uncrushed, unabashed, observing to himself, "If it isn't land tilted up, let me die the death of the unrighteous."

Professor Bull Frog (nephew of the late explorer) said he believed the ridge was the wall that inclosed the earth. He continued:

"Our fathers have left us much learning, but they had not traveled far, and so we may count this a noble new discovery. We are safe for renown now, even though our labors began and ended with this single achievement. I wonder what this wall is built of? Can it be fungus? Fungus is an

honorable good thing to build a wall of."

Professor Snail adjusted his field-glass and examined the rampart critically. Finally he said:

"The fact that it is not diaphanous convinces me that it is a dense vapor formed by the calorification of ascending moisture dephlogisticated by refraction. A few endiometrical experiments would confirm this, but it is not necessary. The thing is obvious."

So he shut up his glass and went into his shell to make a note of the discovery of the world's end, and the nature of it.

"Profound mind!" said Professor Angle-Worm to Professor Field-Mouse; "profound mind! nothing can long remain a mystery to that august brain."

Night drew on apace, the sentinel crickets were posted, the Glow-Worm and Fire-Fly lamps were lighted, and the camp sank to silence and sleep. After breakfast in the morning, the expedition moved on. About noon a great avenue was reached, which had in it two endless parallel bars of some kind of hard black substance, raised the height of the tallest Bull Frog, above the general level. The scientists climbed up on these and examined and tested them in various ways. They walked along them for a great distance, but found no end and no break in them. They could arrive at no decision. There was nothing in the records of science that mentioned anything of this kind. But at last the bald and venerable geographer, Professor Mud Turtle, a person who, born poor, and of a drudging low family, had, by his own native force raised himself to the headship of the geographers of his generation, said:

"My friends, we have indeed made a discovery here. We have found in a palpable, compact, and imperishable state what the wisest of our fathers always regarded as a mere thing of the imagination. Humble yourselves, my friends, for we stand in a majestic presence. These are parallels of latitude!"

Every heart and every head was bowed, so awful, so sublime was the magnitude of the discovery. Many shed tears.

The camp was pitched and the rest of the day given up to writing voluminous accounts of the marvel, and correcting astronomical tables to fit it. Toward midnight a demoniacal shriek was heard, then a clattering and rumbling noise, and the next instant a vast terrific eye shot by, with a long tail attached, and disappeared in the gloom, still uttering triumphant shrieks.

The poor damp laborers were stricken to the heart with fright, and stampeded for the high grass in a body. But not the scientists. They had no superstitions. They calmly proceeded to exchange theories.

The ancient geographer's opinion was asked. He went into his shell and deliberated long and profoundly. When he came out at last, they all knew by his worshiping countenance that he brought light. Said he:

"Give thanks for this stupendous thing which we have been permitted to witness. It is the Vernal Equinox!"

There were shoutings and great rejoicings.

"But," said the Angle-Worm, uncoiling after reflection, "this is dead summer-time."

"Very well," said the Turtle, "we are far from our region; the season differs with the difference of time between the two points."

"Ah, true: True enough. But it is night. How should the sun pass in the night?"

"In these distant regions he doubtless passes always in the night at this hour."

"Yes, doubtless that is true. But it being night, how is it that we could see him?"

"It is a great mystery. I grant that. But I am persuaded that the humidity of the atmosphere in these remote regions is such that particles of daylight adhere to the disk and it was by aid of these that we were enabled to see the sun in the dark."

This was deemed satisfactory, and due entry was made of the decision.

But about this moment those dreadful shriekings were heard again; again the rumbling and thundering came speeding up out of the night; and once more a flaming great eye flashed by and lost itself in gloom and distance.

The camp laborers gave themselves up for lost. The savants were sorely perplexed. Here was a marvel hard to account for. They thought and they talked, they talked and they thought. Finally the learned and aged Lord Grand-Daddy-Longlegs, who had been sitting in deep study, with his slender limbs crossed and his stemmy arms folded, said:

"Deliver your opinions, brethren, and then I will tell my thought--for I think I have solved this problem."

"So be it, good your lordship," piped the weak treble of the wrinkled and withered Professor Woodlouse, "for we shall hear from your lordship's lips naught but wisdom." [Here the speaker threw in a mess of trite, threadbare, exasperating quotations from the ancient poets and



philosophers, delivering them with unction in the sounding grandeurs of the original tongues, they being from the Mastodon, the Dodo, and other dead languages.] "Perhaps I ought not to presume to meddle with matters pertaining to astronomy at all, in such a presence as this, I who have made it the business of my life to delve only among the riches of the extinct languages and unearth the opulence of their ancient lore; but still, as unacquainted as I am with the noble science of astronomy, I beg with deference and humility to suggest that inasmuch as the last of these wonderful apparitions proceeded in exactly the opposite direction from that pursued by the first, which you decide to be the Vernal Equinox, and greatly resembled it in all particulars, is it not possible, nay certain, that this last is the Autumnal Equi--"

"O-o-o!" "O-o-o! go to bed! go to bed!" with annoyed derision from everybody. So the poor old Woodlouse retreated out of sight, consumed with shame.

Further discussion followed, and then the united voice of the commission begged Lord Longlegs to speak. He said:

"Fellow-scientists, it is my belief that we have witnessed a thing which has occurred in perfection but once before in the knowledge of created beings. It is a phenomenon of inconceivable importance and interest, view it as one may, but its interest to us is vastly heightened by an added knowledge of its nature which no scholar has heretofore possessed or even suspected. This great marvel which we have just witnessed, fellow-savants (it almost takes my breath away), is nothing less than the transit of Venus!"

Every scholar sprang to his feet pale with astonishment. Then ensued tears, handshakings, frenzied embraces, and the most extravagant jubilations of every sort. But by and by, as emotion began to retire within bounds, and reflection to return to the front, the accomplished Chief Inspector Lizard observed:

"But how is this? Venus should traverse the sun's surface, not the earth's."

The arrow went home. It earned sorrow to the breast of every apostle of learning there, for none could deny that this was a formidable criticism. But tranquilly the venerable Duke crossed his limbs behind his ears and said:

"My friend has touched the marrow of our mighty discovery. Yes--all that have lived before us thought a transit of Venus consisted of a flight across the sun's face; they thought it, they maintained it, they honestly believed it, simple hearts, and were justified in it by the limitations of their knowledge; but to us has been granted the inestimable boon of proving that the transit occurs across the earth's face, for we have SEEN

it!"

The assembled wisdom sat in speechless adoration of this imperial intellect. All doubts had instantly departed, like night before the lightning.

The Tumble-Bug had just intruded, unnoticed. He now came reeling forward among the scholars, familiarly slapping first one and then another on the shoulder, saying "Nice ('ic) nice old boy!" and smiling a smile of elaborate content. Arrived at a good position for speaking, he put his left arm akimbo with his knuckles planted in his hip just under the edge of his cut-away coat, bent his right leg, placing his toe on the ground and resting his heel with easy grace against his left shin, puffed out his aldermanic stomach, opened his lips, leaned his right elbow on Inspector Lizard's shoulder, and--

But the shoulder was indignantly withdrawn and the hard-handed son of toil went to earth. He floundered a bit, but came up smiling, arranged his attitude with the same careful detail as before, only choosing Professor Dogtick's shoulder for a support, opened his lips and--

Went to earth again. He presently scrambled up once more, still smiling, made a loose effort to brush the dust off his coat and legs, but a smart pass of his hand missed entirely, and the force of the unchecked impulse stewed him suddenly around, twisted his legs together, and projected him, limber and sprawling, into the lap of the Lord Longlegs. Two or three scholars sprang forward, flung the low creature head over heels into a corner, and reinstated the patrician, smoothing his ruffled dignity with many soothing and regretful speeches. Professor Bull Frog roared out:

"No more of this, sirrah Tumble-Bug! Say your say and then get you about your business with speed! Quick--what is your errand? Come move off a trifle; you smell like a stable; what have you been at?"

"Please ('ic!) please your worship I chanced to light upon a find. But no m(e-uck!) matter 'bout that. There's b('ic !) been another find which--beg pardon, your honors, what was that th('ic!) thing that ripped by here first?"

"It was the Vernal Equinox."

"Inf('ic!)fernal equinox. 'At's all right. D('ic !) Dunno him. What's other one?"

"The transit of Venus.

"G('ic !) Got me again. No matter. Las' one dropped something."

"Ah, indeed! Good luck! Good news! Quick what is it?"

"M('ic!) Mosey out 'n' see. It'll pay."

No more votes were taken for four-and-twenty hours. Then the following entry was made:

"The commission went in a body to view the find. It was found to consist of a hard, smooth, huge object with a rounded summit surmounted by a short upright projection resembling a section of a cabbage stalk divided transversely. This projection was not solid, but was a hollow cylinder plugged with a soft woody substance unknown to our region--that is, it had been so plugged, but unfortunately this obstruction had been heedlessly removed by Norway Rat, Chief of the Sappers and Miners, before our arrival. The vast object before us, so mysteriously conveyed from the glittering domains of space, was found to be hollow and nearly filled with a pungent liquid of a brownish hue, like rainwater that has stood for some time. And such a spectacle as met our view! Norway Rat was perched upon the summit engaged in thrusting his tail into the cylindrical projection, drawing it out dripping, permitting the struggling multitude of laborers to suck the end of it, then straightway reinserting it and delivering the fluid to the mob as before. Evidently this liquor had strangely potent qualities; for all that partook of it were immediately exalted with great and pleasurable emotions, and went staggering about singing ribald songs, embracing, fighting, dancing, discharging irruptions of profanity, and defying all authority. Around us struggled a massed and uncontrolled mob--uncontrolled and likewise uncontrollable, for the whole army, down to the very sentinels, were mad like the rest, by reason of the drink. We were seized upon by these reckless creatures, and within the hour we, even we, were undistinguishable from the rest--the demoralization was complete and universal. In time the camp wore itself out with its orgies and sank into a stolid and pitiable stupor, in whose mysterious bonds rank was forgotten and strange bedfellows made, our eyes, at the resurrection, being blasted and our souls petrified with the incredible spectacle of that intolerable stinking scavenger, the Tumble-Bug, and the illustrious patrician my Lord Grand Daddy, Duke of Longlegs, lying soundly steeped in sleep, and clasped lovingly in each other's arms, the like whereof hath not been seen in all the ages that tradition compasseth, and doubtless none shall ever in this world find faith to master the belief of it save only we that have beheld the damnable and unholy vision. Thus inscrutable be the ways of God, whose will be done!

"This day, by order, did the engineer-in-chief, Herr Spider, rig the necessary tackle for the overturning of the vast reservoir, and so its calamitous contents were discharged in a torrent upon the thirsty earth, which drank it up, and now there is no more danger, we reserving but a few drops for experiment and scrutiny, and to exhibit to the king and subsequently preserve among the wonders of the museum. What this liquid is has been determined. It is without question that fierce and most

destructive fluid called lightning. It was wrested, in its container, from its storehouse in the clouds, by the resistless might of the flying planet, and hurled at our feet as she sped by. An interesting discovery here results. Which is, that lightning, kept to itself, is quiescent; it is the assaulting contact of the thunderbolt that releases it from captivity, ignites its awful fires, and so produces an instantaneous combustion and explosion which spread disaster and desolation far and wide in the earth."

After another day devoted to rest and recovery, the expedition proceeded upon its way. Some days later it went into camp in a pleasant part of the plain, and the savants sallied forth to see what they might find. Their reward was at hand. Professor Bull Frog discovered a strange tree, and called his comrades. They inspected it with profound interest. It was very tall and straight, and wholly devoid of bark, limbs, or foliage. By triangulation Lord Longlegs determined its altitude; Herr Spider measured its circumference at the base and computed the circumference at its top by a mathematical demonstration based upon the warrant furnished by the uniform degree of its taper upward. It was considered a very extraordinary find; and since it was a tree of a hitherto unknown species, Professor Woodlouse gave it a name of a learned sound, being none other than that of Professor Bull Frog translated into the ancient Mastodon language, for it had always been the custom with discoverers to perpetuate their names and honor themselves by this sort of connection with their discoveries.

Now Professor Field-Mouse having placed his sensitive ear to the tree, detected a rich, harmonious sound issuing from it. This surprising thing was tested and enjoyed by each scholar in turn, and great was the gladness and astonishment of all. Professor Woodlouse was requested to add to and extend the tree's name so as to make it suggest the musical quality it possessed--which he did, furnishing the addition Anthem Singer, done into the Mastodon tongue.

By this time Professor Snail was making some telescopic inspections. He discovered a great number of these trees, extending in a single rank, with wide intervals between, as far as his instrument would carry, both southward and northward. He also presently discovered that all these trees were bound together, near their tops, by fourteen great ropes, one above another, which ropes were continuous, from tree to tree, as far as his vision could reach. This was surprising. Chief Engineer Spider ran aloft and soon reported that these ropes were simply a web hung thereby some colossal member of his own species, for he could see its prey dangling here and there from the strands, in the shape of mighty shreds and rags that had a woven look about their texture and were no doubt the discarded skins of prodigious insects which had been caught and eaten. And then he ran along one of the ropes to make a closer inspection, but felt a smart sudden burn on the soles of his feet, accompanied by a paralyzing shock, wherefore he let go and swung himself to the earth by a

thread of his own spinning, and advised all to hurry at once to camp, lest the monster should appear and get as much interested in the savants as they were in him and his works. So they departed with speed, making notes about the gigantic web as they went. And that evening the naturalist of the expedition built a beautiful model of the colossal spider, having no need to see it in order to do this, because he had picked up a fragment of its vertebra by the tree, and so knew exactly what the creature looked like and what its habits and its preferences were by this simple evidence alone. He built it with a tail, teeth, fourteen legs, and a snout, and said it ate grass, cattle, pebbles, and dirt with equal enthusiasm. This animal was regarded as a very precious addition to science. It was hoped a dead one might be found to stuff. Professor Woodlouse thought that he and his brother scholars, by lying hid and being quiet, might maybe catch a live one. He was advised to try it. Which was all the attention that was paid to his suggestion. The conference ended with the naming the monster after the naturalist, since he, after God, had created it.

"And improved it, mayhap," muttered the Tumble-Bug, who was intruding again, according to his idle custom and his unappeasable curiosity.

---

## ARCHIMEDES.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Anecdotes of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors and Architects and Curiosities of Art (Vol. 3 of 3)*, by S. Spooner

This wonderful genius was of royal descent, and born at Syracuse about B.C. 287. He was a relative of king Hiero, who held him in the highest esteem and favor, though he does not appear to have held any public office, preferring to devote himself entirely to science. Such was his enthusiasm, that he appears at times to have been so completely absorbed in contemplation and calculations, as to be totally unconscious of what was passing around him. We cannot fully estimate his services to mathematics, for want of an acquaintance with the previous state of science; still we know that he enriched it with discoveries of the highest importance, upon which the moderns have founded their admeasurements of curvilinear surfaces and solids. Euclid, in his elements, considers only the relations of some of these magnitudes to each other, but does not compare them with surfaces and solids bounded by straight lines. Archimedes developed the proportions necessary for effecting this comparison, in his treatises on the sphere and cylinder, the spheroid and conoid, and in his work on the measure of the circle. He rose to still more abstruse considerations in his treatise on the spiral. Archimedes is also the only one of the ancients who has left us anything satisfactory on the theory of mechanics and hydrostatics. He first taught the principle "that a body immersed in a fluid, loses as

much in weight, as the weight of an equal volume of the fluid." He discovered this while bathing, which is said to have caused him so much joy that he ran home from the bath undressed, exclaiming, "I have found it; I have found it!" By means of this principle, he determined how much alloy a goldsmith had added to a crown which king Hiero had ordered of pure gold. Archimedes had a profound knowledge of mechanics, and in a moment of enthusiasm, with which the extraordinary performances of his machines had inspired him, he exclaimed that he "could move the earth with ease, by means of his machines placed on a fixed point near it." He was the inventor of the compound pulley, and probably of the endless screw which bears his name. He invented many surprising engines and machines. Some suppose that he visited Egypt, and raised the sites of the towns and villages of Egypt, and begun those mounds of earth by means of which communication was kept up from town to town, during the inundations of the Nile. When Marcellus, the Roman consul, besieged Syracuse, he devoted all his talents to the defense of his native country. He constructed machines which suddenly raised up in the air the ships of the enemy in the bay before the city, and then let them fall with such violence into the water that they sunk; he also set them on fire with his burning glasses. Polybius, Livy, and Plutarch speak in detail, with wonder and admiration, of the machines with which he repelled the attacks of the Romans. When the town was taken and given up to pillage, the Roman general gave strict orders to his soldiers not to hurt Archimedes, and even offered a reward to him who should bring him alive and safe to his presence. All these precautions proved useless, for the philosopher was so deeply engaged at the time in solving a problem, that he was even ignorant that the enemy were in possession of the city, and when a soldier entered his apartment, and commanded him to follow him, he exclaimed, according to some, "Disturb not my circle!" and to others, he begged the soldier not to "kill him till he had solved his problem"; but the rough warrior, ignorant of the august person before him, little heeded his request, and struck him down. This happened B.C. 212, so that Archimedes, at his death, must have been about 75 years old. Marcellus raised a monument over him, and placed upon it a cylinder and a sphere, thereby to immortalize his discovery of their mutual relations, on which he set a particular value; but it remained long neglected and unknown, till Cicero, during his questorship of Sicily, found it near one of the gates of Syracuse, and had it repaired. The story of his burning glasses had always appeared fabulous to some of the moderns, till the experiments of Buffon demonstrated its truth and practicability. These celebrated glasses are supposed to have been reflectors made of metal, and capable of producing their effect at the distance of a bow-shot.

---

## BEETHOVEN: SONATA IN **A** FLAT MAJOR, OP. 26

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Descriptive Analyses of Piano Works*, by Edward Baxter Perry

This sonata, like the “Moonlight” and several others in the collection of Beethoven’s piano work bearing this name, is not cast in the usual sonata mold; in fact, it is not a sonata at all, according to the modern technical application of the term. But as the name sonata was originally derived from the Italian verb *\_sonare\_*, to sound, or, in musical parlance, to cause to sound, to play upon a musical instrument, and was used to designate any piece of instrumental music whatsoever, in distinction from that which was intended to be sung, it is perhaps as correctly employed in this connection as in any other.

The first movement of this work consists of a simple, beautiful, melodious, noble lyric theme, followed by five strongly contrasted and strikingly characteristic variations, and an exquisitely tender and expressive little coda.

The *\_theme and variations\_*, not only in this, but in every case where the form is well wrought out, is a musical illustration of the natural, logical process of evolution. The simple, vital germ of thought or feeling, inherent in the theme, as the life principle inheres in the germ of wheat, is seen to expand gradually and develop through the successive variations into new and changing forms of ever-increasing beauty and suggestiveness until every latent possibility of expression has been matured and exhausted, and the idea has been presented to us in every practicable light and from every attainable standpoint; just as the gradual growth and ripening of the wheat, subjected to nature’s infinite variety of conditions and her ceaseless alternation of day and night, cold and heat, sun and rain, calm and storm, present to us daily some change of form and hue, some new phase of its progressive existence, until complete maturity is reached and its utmost limit of development attained.

A still better analogy may be drawn from human experience itself, from the constant modification and development of a given character, subjected to the shifting vicissitudes and changeable, often conflicting influences of daily life. It is interesting and helpful, in studying or listening to any work in the *\_theme and variation\_* form, to conceive of the theme as symbolizing a definite personality, as of hero or heroine in a narrative, a personality clearly marked, but undeveloped, distinct to the mind of the composer, and which the performer or hearer should endeavor to grasp with equal definiteness. Each variation may then represent some varying phase of life, some different experience or influence, or emotional condition, bearing upon this typified personality. The peculiar mood and suggestive characteristics of each

variation must be clearly perceived and strongly emphasized, and its due relation to the whole work preserved, while the underlying, all-pervading theme must be kept intelligibly recognizable through all its most capricious and widely contrasting modifications, to give purpose and continuity to the whole; just as the strongly marked individuality of a well-drawn character is traceable through all the manifold vicissitudes of life and may be counted on to follow out its own inherent laws of evolution, no matter what the circumstances or conditions to which it may be subjected.

Let us, in the case of this sonata, conceive of the first simple theme as suggesting, through the subtle symbolism of tone effects, the character of our hero, gravely tender, calmly resolute, nobly, warmly, generously affectionate, with much of innate strength, tempered by gentleness and latent passion, refined by ideality.

In the first variation life presents itself to him as a serious but interesting and agreeable problem, possessing the charm of mystery. He investigates, speculates, reflects, lingers fascinated upon the threshold of the shadowy unknown, enjoys the vague delight of its dim but inviting perspective.

In the second he faces storm and conflict, revels in the discovery and fullest exercise of his own strength and courage and in his successful wrestle with danger and difficulty. The mood here is bold, heroic, full of life and energy.

In the third our hero is suddenly confronted by the twin giants, death and despair. The shadow of their sable forms envelops him with impenetrable gloom. His soul is crushed by a weight as of a leaden pall, and from the depths it sends up a half-stifled cry of unutterable, inarticulate anguish, equaled by nothing in literature, unless it may be by the verses of Edgar Allan Poe entitled "The Conqueror Worm."

The fourth variation brings a reaction toward a brighter mood, flashes of sunlight through parting clouds, fitful gleams of spasmodic gaiety, half hope, half defiance, showing intermittently against the somber background of grief.

Finally, the fifth and last variation is a tender, cheerful love poem, telling, with a charming intermingling of fervent warmth and playful brightness, of the sovereign magic of human affection, in which the tried spirit has at last found solace and repose; while the brief but significant little coda seems like a dreamy retrospect, a tender reminiscence of bygone joys, and griefs, and struggles, tempered by distance and brightened by the light of present happiness.

If the work ended here it would be well rounded and complete, and it may be, in fact often is, presented in this form, entirely omitting the



other three movements. But though not indispensable to the symmetry of the composition, the remaining three movements of the sonata are all intrinsically interesting and enjoyable, and embody three radically differing types of emotional life. In them we are dealing no longer with an individual experience, but with general moods, with abstract elements and conditions.

The principal subject of the scherzo is bright, piquant, exhilarating; expressing unmixed, uncontrolled gaiety, toned down for a moment in the trio to a touch of arch tenderness, but immediately breaking away again into rollicking hilarity. It should be given with great clearness and crispness, very little pedal, and a clean, sparkling tone, like sharply cut glass icicles with the sun behind them. The term *\_scherzo\_* is an Italian word, signifying a jest, and all that is most capricious, sportive, and humorous in music finds expression in this form.

The third movement is one of the two great funeral marches for the piano in existence, the other being that in the sonata, Op. 35, by Chopin. This one by Beethoven is so forcefully characteristic in mood and movement, so full of gloomy grandeur, of dramatic intensity, of depth and richness of somber harmonic coloring, that it may be ranked among his very ablest artistic creations. It should be played with the utmost fullness and sonority of tone, but not extremely loud even in the climaxes, and never hard or rough; so as to convey the impression of suppressed power and of a noble, sustained sorrow, not a spasmodic, petulant distress. Its inflexible, unvarying rhythm throughout should suggest, not only the slow, solemn movement of the funeral procession, the heavily tolling bells, the awed, hushed grief of the mourners, but as well the more abstract and universal thoughts of the slow but relentless march of time and destiny and the might and majesty of death.

The last movement of the sonata is in the usual rondo form, light, graceful, ethereal, with a certain subdued cheerfulness, telling of dreamy aspiration and vague, intuitive faith in ultimate good, of the airy, upward flight of light-winged hope toward a brighter realm beyond the grave, where pain and death shall be remembered only as the minor cadences and passing dissonances which lead to the enhanced beauty of the final major harmony.

The sonata as a whole is one of the most interesting productions of Beethoven's second period, and is technically within the reach of most good amateurs.

---

## AUGUSTE RENOIR

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Modern Painting, Its Tendency and Meaning*, by Willard Huntington Wright

The entire past progress of painting is condensed and expressed in each of its great men. The creation of new art cannot be accomplished overnight, any more than that of a new organism; it must stem from first impulses and be formed on the differentiations of the past. Those men who declare themselves primitives and seek to acquire the eyes and minds of the Phœnicians or Aztecs are as conscious of their inability to create new art forms as are those visionaries who live in a mythical future and try to prophesy the forms that are to come. No man is born too soon or too late. There are those who strive toward classic intellectual ideals, toward Utopian economic states, toward new orders of society: but such reformers are only the malcontents. The truly great and practical men quickly assimilate the impulses of their own epochs and push the frontiers of the mind's possibilities further into the unknown. These latter comprise the maligned vanguard of heroic thinkers who fight the battles for their weaker followers. Often, however, these followers rise to great heights, for in the world of endeavour two conspicuous types exist—the man who experiments and the man who achieves. Delacroix, Manet and the Impressionists belong to the first; Courbet and Renoir are of the second.

In Renoir's life story, as in that of Titian, Rubens and Rembrandt, we see in miniature the evolution of all the painting that preceded him—the bitter struggles with the chimeras of convention, and each slow change that came over drawing, style, colour and composition. In the end, after a life full of near defeats, strife, yearning and anxiety, we behold the great man emerge triumphantly from his broken fetters and take his place beside the masters of the past. Some painters have more arduous fights than others, for the odds against them are greater. Rubens and Delacroix seemed the pampered favourites of a high destiny: Courbet and Renoir had to cleave and chisel each step of the way through the adamant of public suspicion. The world appears incapable of recognising either an intensification or a modification of an old and accepted formula. Hence Courtois and Puget were preferred to Delacroix; Ribera and Rembrandt to Courbet; the Avignon painters to Manet; Corot, Diaz and Rousseau to the Impressionists; and Rubens and Ingres to Renoir. In all of these parallelisms, the latter had their roots in the former. They were complications and variations of their forerunners—dissimilar only in method and manner.

Renoir began to paint at an early age. The poverty of his family necessitated him to make his own living, and at the age of thirteen he was in a factory painting porcelains. Five years later he applied for work at a place given over to the decoration of transparent screens.

Here his unusual facility permitted him to paint ten times as fast as his fellow decorators, and since he was paid by the piece, he soon saved enough money to give himself an education in the art which had now become with him a conscious instinct—painting. From his earliest youth he had evinced a discontent with the slow-moving minds about him, and it was natural that he should first look upon art through the eyes of his great revolutionary contemporary, Courbet. His earliest work, of which *Le Cabaret de la Mère Anthony* and *Diane Chasseresse* are the best-known examples, reflected Courbet in both palette and conception. Even later, when Manet claimed him, he clung to his first influence. For while his work now reached out toward the substance of light to be found in *La Musique aux Tuileries*, it revealed at the same time all the form of the Ornans master. *Le Ménagement* Sisley and *Lise* strikingly combine these two early influences.

Since humanity has emerged from the darkness of unconsciousness and the individual from the darkness of the womb, it is consistent with nature that in a man's creative development—the route of which lies between dark and dark—the use of black should be his first instinct. Renoir, like all painters of great promise, started with this negation of colour. But wherein his intellectual distinction manifested itself was his innate proclivity for the rhythm of surface lines which he alone of all his contemporaries recognised in Courbet. In *Lise*, painted in 1867, a year after his *Diane Chasseresse*, both of these early penchants are evident. Black is the keynote of his sunlight; and while in conception the canvas is akin to Manet, it is a Manet made dexterous and masterly. It contains a balance and a linear rhythm of which that painter was ignorant. *Lise* is one of the few Renoirs into which the influence of Velazquez and Goya can be imagined. Even in its pyramidal form, which when used by most painters becomes a static figure, there is a movement at its apex which opens into a shape like a lily. This is brought about by the tilt of the sunshade and the continuation of the line of the sash outward in the tree trunk. By just such obvious and simple signs as these in early works, can we foretell an artist's later developments.

The next year, 1868, Renoir's work is more net, more able in its balance, more sure in its effect. *Le Ménagement* Sisley is one of his finest early examples of how this rhythmic continuity of line obsesses a mind avid for form, colour, vitality. At first glance we see only an irregular pyramid formed by the outline of the two figures; but after a minute's study we notice that on the right the line of the skirt curves gracefully inward to the waist-line, sweeps up to the woman's neck, then begins an outward flexure, and finally disperses itself amid the tree's slanting branches in the right-hand upper corner. On the left, the outline of the man's right leg and arm and hair forms another curve which bends back the line of the opposing curve of the woman's dress, and completes the figure of the pyramid. But the first curve, the force of which is seemingly ended at the woman's waist, is continued in the outline of the light tonality which begins at the man's right elbow,

curves outward to the frame, then inward, and ends on the upper frame a little to the left of the man's head. Furthermore, the volume made by the light tonality in the upper left-hand corner serves as a balance to the form of the woman's tunic. This composition is, in all essentials, the same as in *Lise*, and embraces that rhythm in two dimensions which Manet did not know, and that balance of tonal form of which Manet was never capable. Manet's mind was that of the lesser Dutch and Spaniards. Renoir's was the plastic and flowing mind of the Latin races, never satisfied with angularity and immobility, but needful of the smooth progression of sequence and movement.

The recognition of the artistic necessity for linear rhythm led Renoir to search for it in others than Courbet. Among the painters by whom he might profit, Delacroix stood nearest his own time. To him Renoir turned; and it was out of him that Renoir's greatness was to grow. Delacroix's organisations appealed to him—especially the triangular one which opens at the top. His admiration for this artist's talent led him to paint in 1872 a canvas called *Parisiennes Habillées en Algériennes*, an ambitious essay to compete with *Les Femmes d'Alger dans Leur Appartement*. Intrinsically the picture was a failure, but it taught its creator more than he had heretofore learned concerning colour and drawing. In it are discernible indications of the formal unconventionalities and the chromatic brilliancies which later were to be such dominant qualities in Renoir's work. Although for two years he had used Impressionistic methods, it was through this picture that Delacroix introduced him to the Impressionists' colour. Manet had already introduced him to Ingres; and these two incidents went far toward laying the foundation for his greatness. On neither the Impressionists nor Ingres did he build a style; but from both he learned something of far more value:—freedom from the dictates of style. Here again Delacroix had a hand, for by studying this artist's uses of Ingres's simplifications, Renoir was able to make these simplifications plastic.

Renoir's colour up to this time had been restrained by the dictates of his epoch. But with the inspiration and encouragement given him by *Les Femmes d'Alger dans Leur Appartement*, it burst forth with all the force of long-imprisoned energy, and drove him out of doors. In this picture he found excuse to carry colour to any extreme he desired. At once the instincts of the porcelain painter, ever latent in him, came uppermost. Delacroix, in giving him the Impressionists' freedom of colour, had brought him back to those rich and full little designs he had painted on china between the ages of thirteen and eighteen. In this early training alone lies the explanation of his later *matière* which has for so long puzzled the critics. Many attribute his colour effects to Watteau. But Renoir had developed his technique before he knew the older master. Years previous he had been intensely interested in the very material of his models. In *Le Ménage Sisley*, *La Baigneuse au Griffon* and *La Femme à la Perruche* is evinced the love of the connoisseur for rare and rich

stuffs. Furthermore he had begun to turn his eyes toward Impressionist methods two years before he painted *Les Parisiennes Habillées en Algériennes*. Up to that time his brushing had been broad like Manet's or Courbet's; immediately afterward it tended toward spotting, and Monet took the upper hand. Watteau's manner of application served only to substantiate Renoir in his choice of method.

The years from 1865 to 1876 constitute a period of Renoir's life rich in its promise of splendid things. His keen admirations and high enthusiasms made of him throughout this time a disciple. But his achievements, small as they were, were more sumptuous and effectual than either Manet's or Monet's. Their true significance, though, lay in their assurance of what was to come after he had completed that unlearning process through which all great men must pass. Only by sitting at a master's feet can one acquire the knowledge that informs one which influences should be utilised and which cast aside. One cannot learn from experience the total lessons of many men, each one of whom has given a lifetime to the study of a different side of a subject. If these men are to be surpassed their life work must be used as a starting point. Renoir began thus. He had fallen under the sway of Courbet, Manet, Delacroix and Monet; but after eleven years he had exhausted his creative interest in both their theories and their attainments. These men had expressed all that was in them. For Renoir to cling to them was to stand still. If he was to go down in history as a constructive genius and not merely as an able imitator, it was time for him to strike out alone.

He did not hesitate. The portrait of Mlle. Durand-Ruel, done in 1876, marks his transformation. In it he achieved the scintillation of light which is not linked with colour or painting, but which seems to arise, by some mysterious alchemy, from the surface of the canvas. In this picture, and also in the *Moulin de la Galette*, finished in the same year, he consummated the fondest ambition of the Impressionists, namely: to make the spectator feel a picture, not as a depiction of nature's light, but as a medium from which emanates the very force of light itself. But Renoir did not stop here: to this achievement he added form and rhythm—two attributes which the Impressionists, preoccupied with objectivity, were too busy to attempt. And in addition he displayed a technique so perfect in its adaptability to any expression, that its mannerisms were completely submerged in the picture's total effect. These were the qualities which Renoir was to develop to so superlative a degree. He had begun to express form in 1870 in his *Portrait de Dame*. Two years later in his Delacroix adaptation he had branched out into colour. And in his very first canvases there was rhythmic balance of lines. In 1876 all these tendencies coalesced. In consequence Renoir blossomed forth free from aggressive influences, knowing his own limitations and possibilities. This cannot be said even of those excellent works, *La Loge*, *La Danseuse* and *La Fillette Attentive*, done the two preceding years. It is only by contemplating such pictures as

the portrait of Mlle. Durand-Ruel, La Chevelure and La Source that we can perceive the path along which his development was to take place. For these canvases, though far more significant than the works of Pissarro and Monet, are almost negligible beside his later work. He was a man never satisfied with results, no matter how exalted. His every new achievement was only a higher elevation from which his horizon ever receded.

[Illustration: LE DÉJEUNER DES CANOTIERS by RENOIR]

One of Renoir's important advances in method is his liberation from the circumscribed use of black. Although in some of his work of 1876 there are still traces of that tone used organically, they are so slight that they may be disregarded. Black was the very keynote of the paintings of his day. It was looked upon as a necessity in the creation of volumes. Courbet did little without it, and Manet brightened it only with occasional flashes of colour. Today we know that it is not a technical necessity, that pure colours, in fact, when properly used, can produce the most solid forms. But whereas we have been able to profit by the teachings of Cézanne and the Synthetists, Renoir had to learn this fact by bitter experiments in a new element. In *La Balançoire*, done in the same year as the *Moulin de la Galette* and now hanging with that picture in the Luxembourg, black is entirely absent. This little canvas was probably an experiment actuated by Monet, for never afterward did he on principle lay black aside. While he realised its unimportance as a fundamental for constructing volume, he nevertheless felt its need as a complement to colour—the need of the static and the dead to accentuate the plastic and alive.

It is during this period that critics are prone to see Gainsborough in Renoir. But their reasons for such a comparison are superficial, and go no further than the fact that both painters dealt with feminine themes in a similarly intimate manner. No genuinely artistic likeness can be found between Mrs. Siddons, for instance, and the *Ingénue*. The one is merely a spirited portrait without composition or tactility: the other is an exquisite bit of form and colour, which we feel would be as solid to the touch as it appears to the eye. If we are to compare Renoir to English painters at all, let us designate Hogarth and Romney, although any such comparative method of criticism is apt to lead at once to misunderstanding. However, even these two men are distinctly inadequate as measures for Renoir. In the graphic arts Englishmen exhibit no feeling for rhythm. Indeed, it may correctly be said they possess no graphic arts. Rhythm is a factor which has made itself felt only in their poetry, and here it can hardly be called more than a division of interval, or tempo. Rossetti in his paintings is seemingly more conscious of its power than any other Englishman, and occasionally attempted to produce it by the primitive device of curved lines. But, after all, Rossetti was Italian. On the whole Renoir and the English artists are two fundamentally dissimilar to be estimated relatively. The

finest qualities of Renoir's art grew out of his instinct for fluent movement, for intense undulations, for hot gorgeous colour, for freedom from all traditional prescriptions.

The evolution of these instincts was by no means a mechanical one. After he had amalgamated the leading qualities of his art, his interest would often reveal itself more strongly in one direction than another. Thus many of his canvases show a retrogression toward emphasis of light; others toward form; still others toward linear rhythm. Yet no matter which one of these qualities predominated, the others also remained intact. More importance, however, attached to his preoccupation with the treatment of light. His experiments and consequent development in this field are of initial significance in judging his later work. In 1878 he had evidently foreseen the cul-de-sac into which the natural distribution of light would lead. The very volatility and translucency of illumination and its matter-dispelling qualities, constituted the greatest drawback to its use in the creation of form. In other words its sheer beauty nullified the deeper aims of painting. In two decorative *Panneaux* of reclining nudes, done in the same year, Renoir makes his first attempt to escape from the naturalism of light. The use of light is here restricted to a colour force which serves only to bring form into relief. From that time on, although he had many struggles with its power over him, he had conquered its insidious influence. It became his servant, whereas before it had been his master. In his earlier canvases, wherein sunlight had played a leading part, he had placed the sun patches, gleaming and vibrant, wherever they naturally fell. After 1878 he began placing them arbitrarily on points where formal projection was needed.

The subtle manner in which he constructed and posed these patches precluded any discovery of his reasons for altering their natural location. But Renoir was not fully satisfied, and soon abandoned this phase of *pleinairisme*. Later the spots of sunlight appeared on cheeks, shoulders, knees, or any other salients which called for powerful relief, thereby losing their flat and detached appearance. This moulding of them into intense aggregations had much to do with Renoir's fullness of form. His long experience had given him a complete knowledge of their naturalistic effect. He knew it was impossible to make them remain on the same plane with the surrounding shadow, and he understood the reasons for this phenomenon. It was not therefore remarkable that, in his later method of applying them, he was sure of his results. As soon as he realised that sunlight dispersed matter by obscuring some points and accentuating others, he knew that by an intelligent employment of this factor of luminosity he could at will accentuate certain parts of his canvas and obscure others. This knowledge led him naturally to create his own light, irrespective of how it actually existed. This was an important step toward its complete abrogation, and brought arbitrary means in painting just so much nearer. He had already distorted volumes for purposes of organisation in the same manner that

he now distorted light. Indeed every great painter has taken this liberty with form; but each one has to learn the device anew in its relation to his own separate vision.

There are few shadows, as such, in Renoir. We find darks and lights in scintillating succession, but we may search in vain, even in his canvases of 1878 or 1879, for those shadowed outlines which are the result of light. If light there is, it is only the light which springs from our own eyes—light which seems to come from the direction of the beholder, like the reflection of a light in water. Move as you will before his pictures, it follows you, for it is the illumination of that part of the picture nearest the eyes of the painter. Where a form is full, there Renoir contrives to have a light fall. This artifice may strike us today as childish, since we have outgrown our concern with light; but let us remember that from the beginning the depiction of lights and shadows had been a fixed practice, and that their tones had formed the only basis for chiaroscuro. With the Impressionists light became the *about* of painting. Renoir made of it a vital form-creating element. Herein we have its evolution: first, a convention; next, an obsession; last, a utility. So were the æsthetic possibilities of light exhausted, just as the æsthetic possibilities of the human form were exhausted by Michelangelo.

In this last step of liberating light from convention, Renoir approached nearer to nature than any antecedent painter. After all, a human being in the sunlight appears to us as a solid moving mass. Only those who look upon nature as a flat pattern of shades and lights are misled by sun patches. So, in Renoir's adapting the source of light for the purpose of producing solidity of form, we are cognisant of the palpability of his figures whether they are in light or shadow, or both. Thus he created the actual impression of volume we all get before a moving form. This arbitrary disposition of light and shadow also gave fullness and intensity to his form, and accentuated the poise, so subtle and unexpected, we feel in even his slightest works. But while this was the secret of his attainment of volume, the compositional use to which he put this volume requires another explanation—one which has its roots in the very depths of the man's genius. There had never been such form in the French school as that which Renoir gave it in 1880. The *Tête de Jeune Fille* and *Les Enfants en Rose et Bleu*, done about this time, must have been the despair of even the sculptors of his day. And these were but the beginning. Many phases of his art were yet to be emphasised and developed before the Renoir we know today was to be perfected.

It was in 1884 that he began to “*\_apprendre le dessin\_*.” For four years he continued this self-training in the precision of draughtsmanship. As a boy he had begun his painting in a manner more competent than the most advanced style of the average artist, as is evidenced by the able use of colour as design in his early porcelains. And although he was driven to this work by necessity, the incident was a salutary one. It turned his



thoughts toward those abstract organisations of colour which always afterward haunted him. Later he learned all the tricks of the day in the school of the realists, and succeeded in surpassing his masters. Next he studied the Impressionists and went beyond them also. Then he co-ordinated his knowledge and established his individual greatness. This period of his development gave France much of its finest painting, and his *Baigneuse* done at this time is an undoubted masterpiece. His reversion to the rudiments of drawing was the result of a burning desire to develop rhythm and form. His technical difficulties had been conquered at an early date: he needed only dexterity in drawing to achieve his end. Not only did Renoir attain to his objective, but, by comprehending the principle of the placements and displacements of volumes, he learned the advantages of line accentuation in obtaining movement.

We now come to those pictures which show Renoir's intimate relation to Rubens through Boucher and Watteau: to his *alfresco* bathing figures. Some one has pointed out that his *Baigneuses* of 1885, one year after he had devoted himself to drawing, was inspired by Girardon's lead-reliefs in the gardens at Versailles. The commentary is undoubtedly true; but even so, of what significance is it? Aside from the superficial fact that in the works of both appear bathing women in more or less abandoned poses, Renoir had nothing in common with the school of Largillière, Pater, Fragonard, Le Moyne, Santerre and Girardon. In all such observations one senses the restriction of the critic's viewpoint to illustration. An artist may find inspiration in any visual form, but this form is of no more aesthetic importance to him than a photograph. In Picasso's paintings of violin fragments we are scarcely permitted to deduce an inspiration from Stradivarius. Grotesque as this analogy may seem, it is applicable to the contention that Renoir stemmed from Girardon. For there is nothing whatever in Renoir's bathing girls to suggest a psychological parallel between them and the leaden frieze at Versailles. If Renoir saw in that frieze an attractive pose, it was with an eye to its adaptability to composition. In Girardon there is only a pretty and sensual chaos. In Renoir we have a masterly organisation wherein the actual positions of the young women are not even remarked. Compare, for instance, Girardon's version of the figure of the girl throwing water on her playmates, with the corresponding figure in Renoir's drawing. The body of the former is without doubt a more faithful replica of its model; in Renoir it has become impossibly elongated and voluminous. Its head is too small; its back too long; its hips are too large—and yet withal it is an exquisite bit of rich form which has as concrete a tangibility as that of a real body. One cannot judge it by its contour; one must bury oneself in its very weight.

Had Renoir advanced no further than his masterly *Baigneuse* of 1884, he would nevertheless have gone down in history as a great artist. But compared with the same subject done in 1888, it appears stiff. We feel in it the rigidity of a master whose great qualities are without a

directing intelligence. In the later canvas, Renoir is less preoccupied with details. As a result there is a greater plenitude of bulging form, a purer rhythm. And there is also an added movement caused by the linear harmony of the background, by the hair over the shoulder, and above all by the turning of the head so that its weight is shifted over a hollow. An apparently simple thing—this turning of a head. Yet Michelangelo's genius, as well as that of all great artists, is dependent on the knowledge of when a head should be turned or a limb advanced. This knowledge is what transforms action into movement, tempo into rhythm, the static into the plastic, the dead into the living. It is the final penetration into composition; on it all æsthetic form is built. Renoir acquired it in his period of so-called dry drawing. Its dawn came in *La Nante* and *Mère et Enfant*. It was still developing in the *Baigneuse*; and in *La Baigneuse Brune* and *Nu à l'Étoffe Vert et Jaune*, both done after 1900, this knowledge was becoming sure of itself. Between 1884 and 1892, however, Renoir's new strength was not wholly mastered. There was conscious effort in its employment. This is seen in *La Fillette à la Gerbe* and *Les Filles de Catulle Mendès* and in that otherwise miraculous canvas, *Au Piano*. In *Le Croquet*, 1892, he begins to exhibit, in his use of new means, the same prodigious adroitness he displayed in his earlier and slighter works. And in *Les Deux Sœurs* the effects of labour entirely vanish, and he once more paints with magistral unconcern.

From that time forward Renoir's complete genius was but a matter of evolution. And here let it be remembered that his transcendent competency was the result of academic training, for of late we have heard many objections to this kind of discipline. We have been invited to behold the water-colour and crayon works of the untutored, assured that they were as fine as Matisse's drawings. And we have been asked to accept, as a corollary, the statement that all painters are better off without the pernicious influence of schools. We have had modern paintings pointed out to us as examples of what inspiration and freedom from convention can do. We have heard the constantly reiterated assertion that academies cramp genius, restrict vision and force all expression into stipulated moulds. To concede to these extravagant assertions would be to ignore the history of great painting, for during all the significant epochs of art the school was at its zenith. Without it there could be no genuine achievement. No amount of mere inspiration has ever enabled an artist to paint an eminent canvas. No amount of uncontrolled emotionalism has ever permitted one to make an æsthetically moving work of art. No untrained man, no matter how high his natural gifts, has yet been able to record adequately his feelings. All the records of past accomplishment go to show that no person who has not been profoundly educated in the purely objective (not utilitarian) forms, and in the abstract qualities of painting, such as anatomy and technique, has succeeded in conceiving an artistic organisation.

The school has never obscured or dwarfed genius, nor is it probable it ever will. To the contrary it assists the truly great man in his

self-fulfilment and weeds out the mediocre man. It turns the student's thoughts to methods rather than to inspiration. It directs the attention of incompetent and merely talented persons, incapable of rising above its teachings, into side issues. Thus it relegates their work to the souppentes of the world: whereas, if they had been permitted to labour at random, they would only have choked the market of genuinely æsthetic production. The school teaches discipline, precision, and the control of wayward impulses, without all of which the greatest artist could only incompletely express himself. These are the things which Renoir felt he lacked; and in the midst of his career he halted long enough to acquire them. It may be argued that his was intelligent training, while that of the schools is unintelligent. But all discipline is beneficial to the artist. Only slavish minds, hopeless from the first, succumb to it. The fact that a man capitulates to academic training attests to an incompetency so great that, under no circumstances, however favorable, could it have arisen to a point capable of producing great art. Giotto, El Greco and Rubens passed through rigid training and rose above it. And the apprenticeship demanded of the old Egyptian, Chinese and Greek artists was longer and more tedious than any of our school courses today.

Renoir's scholastic training was his salvation. With the advent of the twentieth century he struck his pace. All his qualities converged toward the construction of rhythm. In 1900 he painted a large and ambitious canvas of an attired maid combing a nude's hair, *La Toilette de la Baigneuse*, which is more extended and conclusive than any of his previous works. The forms lean in opposition and complete each other. In them is a perfect poise which subjectively evokes an emotion of movement. Even the lights and darks are separated so as to give the strongest effect. The very hat and tree trunk are integral parts of the whole, and there is not a line in the picture which does not develop logically to a harmonic completion. The luscious plenitude of form is equalled only by the finality of the rhythm.

Another picture of the same period is the *Baigneuses* in the Vollard collection, a duplicate of his *Baigneuses* of fifteen years before. Now all the hardness is gone from the contours. The differentiation of texture between the flesh and water and foliage is absent. The lines are less angular and true, and both the distant nudes' attitudes are changed. The first canvas recalled Ingres; but the second brings up Cézanne, for it is pure composition with every nugatory quality eliminated. It demonstrates the possibility of creating abstract unity in three dimensions with the objective reality at hand. The picture contains movement in the vital sense, and possesses a tactility as great as a Giorgione done with modern means. In fact, comparison of these two *Baigneuses* will straightway divulge the advantages that lie in modern methods. The first is extremely able, and has the unfinished foundation of a great composition. The second, because of what Renoir had learned of freedom, is as intense as a Rubens in that painter's own manner; and

in addition it has an emotional element to which the Antwerp master never attained.

Two years later this obsession to create form as an impregnable block, no matter in how many integers it might be divided, made him turn his attention to Daumier; and in *Le Jardin d'Essoyes* and his heads of *Coco* he surpasses even this master of organisation. Having assimilated this new influence Renoir added it to his own store of knowledge, and four years later painted his greatest picture, *Le Petit Peintre*. After this there was little more to be done in Renoir's style unless he extended his vision to greater surfaces. This he has not done. But he has added other masterpieces to the ones already mentioned. His *Ode aux Fleurs* (d'après Anacréon), the two decorative *Panneaux* of the tambourine player and the dancer, *Coco et les Deux Servantes*, *La Rose dans les Cheveux* and *La Femme au Miroir* are all worthy of a place beside the greatest pictures of all time. In these last paintings nature's form is transcribed in a purely arbitrary manner. Many of the parts are exaggerated to create greater projection or more perfect proportion in relation to the whole. Texture has developed into a unified surface, and simple linear balance has become poise in depth. The colouring has grown so subtle that it is impossible in many places to tell just what it is, for in it is a whole spectrum that makes it living.

[Illustration: *BAIGNEUSES*, 1885 by RENOIR]

[Illustration: *BAIGNEUSES*, 1902 BY RENOIR]

Renoir was a man who fundamentally was not revolutionary, an artist who was shown the way by others, a genius who culminated a great and febrile epoch. His beginnings were imitative of the painters of his day. He climbed the ladder from dark to light, from the stiff to the mobile. His first works under Courbet and Manet were no better than those of Hankwan. Later his pictures began to flow rhythmically in simple lines as in the *Head of a Chinese Lady* by Ririomin. Then they began to extend into depth, and as early as 1881 they surpassed Titian. From then on they approached steadily to the completeness of a modernised Rubens. That Renoir never reached that master's greatness is due, not to his lack of acute and complete vision, but to his restriction of it to small works. A composer who writes a symphony in which each minute part is an intimate factor of the whole, is greater than he who writes only an overture whose entirety is no greater than one of the symphony's movements. Renoir, in so far as he went, was as great as the greatest.

One cannot think of a Renoir canvas merely as a painting. It is a new and visually complete cosmos. In looking at his work the intelligence enters a world in which every form has interest, every line completion, every space a plasticity: in short, a world in which everything is visibly interrelated. A host of influences have been read into Renoir, and indeed there were many in his development. But they were only the

steps by which he mounted to high achievement. So unimportant are the works of most of these other men when compared with Renoir's personal accomplishments, that one may visualise this artist as a raindrop on a window, which, as it flows downward, consumes and embodies all those in its path. Courbet, Monet, Delacroix and Manet, had they no other claim on posterity than as instructors of Renoir, would not have lived in vain. The Chinese, the Greeks, the Renaissance, even that full Indian sculpture in the Chaitya of Karli of the eleventh century B.C.—are all within him. That they are temperamental affinities rather than direct influences none can deny; but, strange as it may seem, he has traits which directly recall each one of them. They all have the ineradicable germ of genius in them; and that germ, being changeless and eternal, lies at the root of all æsthetic creation. For this reason a great man belongs to all time. He embraces all the results of the struggles which have gone before. In the possession of Renoir we have no apologies to make to antiquity, any more than in having produced Cézanne must we abase ourselves before the artists who are yet to come.

---

from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Devil's Dictionary*, by Ambrose Bierce

**ASS**, n. A public singer with a good voice but no ear. In Virginia City, Nevada, he is called the Washoe Canary, in Dakota, the Senator, and everywhere the Donkey. The animal is widely and variously celebrated in the literature, art and religion of every age and country; no other so engages and fires the human imagination as this noble vertebrate. Indeed, it is doubted by some (Ramasilus, \_lib. II., De Clem.\_, and C. Stantatus, \_De Temperamente\_) if it is not a god; and as such we know it was worshiped by the Etruscans, and, if we may believe Macrobius, by the Cupasians also. Of the only two animals admitted into the Mahometan Paradise along with the souls of men, the ass that carried Balaam is one, the dog of the Seven Sleepers the other. This is no small distinction. From what has been written about this beast might be compiled a library of great splendor and magnitude, rivalling that of the Shakespearean cult, and that which clusters about the Bible. It may be said, generally, that all literature is more or less Asinine.

"Hail, holy Ass!" the quiring angels sing;  
"Priest of Unreason, and of Discords King!"  
Great co-Creator, let Thy glory shine:  
God made all else, the Mule, the Mule is thine!"

G.J.

---

## **ACTING PROVERBS**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Games For All Occasions, by Mary E. Blain

The best way to play this game is for the players to divide themselves into two groups, namely, actors and audience. Each one of the actors should then fix upon a proverb, which he will act, in turn, before the audience. As, for instance, supposing one of the players to have chosen the proverb, "A bad workman quarrels with his tools," he should go into the room where the audience is seated, carrying with him a bag in which there is a saw, a hammer, or any other implement or tool used by a workman; he should then look round and find a chair, or some other article, which he should pretend requires repairing; he should then act the workman, by taking off his coat, rolling up his sleeves, and commencing work, often dropping his tools and grumbling about them the whole of the time.

If this game be acted well, it may be made very entertaining. Sometimes the audience are made to pay a forfeit each time they fail to guess the proverb.

## **"ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, OR MINERAL?"**

This is a capital game for a large party, for it is both instructive and amusing. One player is selected who has to guess what word or sentence the remainder of the company has chosen. He goes out of the room, and when the subject has been decided upon, returns and asks a question of each of the company in turn. The answer must be either "Yes" or "No," and in no case should more words be used, under penalty of paying a forfeit. The first important point to be found out is whether the subject is "Animal," "Vegetable," or "Mineral." Supposing, for instance, the subject chosen is a cat which is sleeping in the room by the fire, the questions and answers might be like the following:--"Is the subject chosen an animal?" "Yes." "Wild animal." "No." "Domestic animal?" "Yes." "Common?" "Yes." "Are there many to be seen in this town?" "Yes." "Have you seen many this day?" "Yes." "In this house?" "No." "Have you seen many in the road?" "Yes." "Do they draw carts?" "No." "Are they used for working purposes?" "No." "Is the subject a pet?" "Yes." "Have they one in the house?" "Yes." "In this room?" "Yes." "Is it lying in front of the fire at the present time?" "Yes." "Is the subject you all thought of the cat lying in front of the fire in this room?" "Yes." The subject having been guessed, another one is chosen and the game proceeds.

## **ACTING RHYMES**

For this game, half the players go outside the door, whilst those who stay in the room choose a word of one syllable, which should not be too difficult. For instance, suppose the word chosen be "Flat," those who

are out of the room are informed that a word has been thought of that rhymes with "Cat," and they then have to act, without speaking, all the words they can think of that rhyme with "Cat." Supposing their first idea be "Bat," they come into the room and play an imaginary game of cricket. This not being correct, they would be hissed for their pains, and they must then hurry outside again. They might next try "Rat," most of them going into the room on their hands and feet, whilst the others might pretend to be frightened. Again they would be hissed. At last the boys go in and fall flat on their faces, while the girls pretend to use flat-irons upon their backs. The loud clapping that follows tells them that they are right at last. They then change places with the audience, who, in turn, become the actors.

---

## THE IDEAL OF THE ACROBAT

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Book About the Theater*, by Brander Matthews

### I

When Huckleberry Finn went to the circus he sneaked in under the tent when the watchman was absent. He had money in his pocket, but he feared that he might need this. "I ain't opposed to spending money on circuses," he confessed, "when there ain't no other way, but there ain't no use in \_wasting\_ it on them." In spite of the fact that he had not paid for his seat, and that he was thereby released from the necessity of getting his money's worth, he declared cheerfully that "it was a real bully circus. It was the splendorous sight that ever was, when they all come riding in, two and two, a gentleman and a lady, side by side, the men just in their drawers and undershirts, and no shoes nor stirrups, and resting their hands on their thighs, easy and comfortable ... and every lady with a lovely complexion, and perfectly beautiful, and looking like a gang of real sure-enough queens.... And then, one by one, they got up and stood, and went a-weaving around the ring so gentle and wavy and graceful, the men looking ever so tall and airy and straight, with their heads bobbing and skimming along, away up there under the tent roof, and every lady's rose-leaf dress flapping soft and silky around her hips, and she looking like the most loveliest parasol."

However much Huck was impressed by the Grand Entry, he seems to have been more pleased by the surprising act, traditionally known as 'Pete Jenkins,' and never better described than by Mark Twain's youthful hero. "And by and by a drunk man tried to get into the ring--said he wanted to ride; said he could ride as well as anybody that ever was. They argued and tried to keep him out, but he wouldn't listen, and the whole show came to a standstill. Then the people began to holler at him and make

fun of him.... So then the ring-master he made a little speech, and said he hoped there wouldn't be no disturbance, and if the man would promise he wouldn't make no more trouble, he would let him ride, if he thought he could stay on the horse.... The minute he was on the horse he began to rip and tear and jump and cavort around ... the drunk man hanging onto his neck, and his heels flying in the air every jump.... But pretty soon he struggled up astraddle and grabbed the bridle, a-reeling this way and that; and the next minute he sprung up and stood! and the horse a-going like a house afire, too. He just stood there, a-sailing around as easy and as comfortable as if he warn't ever drunk in his life--and then he begun to pull off his clothes and sling them. He shed them so thick they kind of clogged up the air, and altogether he shed seventeen suits. And then, here he was, slim and handsome, and dressed the grandiest and prettiest you ever saw, and he lit into that horse and made him hum--and finally skipped off and made his bow and danced off to the dressing-room, and everybody just a-howling with pleasure and astonishment. Then the ring-master, he see how he had been fooled, and he was the sickest ring-master you ever see, I reckon. Why, it was one of his own men! He had got up that joke all out of his own head, and never let on to nobody!"

Yet in this enjoyment of a practical joke, dear to every boy's heart, Huck did not fail to note that the skilful rider who had pretended to be intoxicated, stood up at last, "slim and handsome." Even Huck Finn, neglected son of the town-drunkard, was quick to respond to the appeal of the supple and well-proportioned figure of the rider after the superimposed clothing had been discarded, just as he had felt the attraction of the varied colors and the graceful evolutions of the Grand Entry. At bottom, it was the beauty of the display that he appreciated most keenly. By the side of this passage from Mark Twain's masterpiece may be set a passage from Mr. Hamlin Garland's best story, 'Rose of Dutcher's Coolly,' in which we find recorded the impressions of a girl of about the same age, the daughter of a hard-working Wisconsin farmer. Rose had never seen a circus before, and even the morning street parade fired her imagination.

"On they came, a band leading the way. Just behind, with glitter of lance and shine of helmet, came a dozen knights and fair ladies riding spirited chargers. They all looked strange and haughty, and sneeringly indifferent to the cheers of the people. The women seemed small and firm and scornful, and the men rode with lances uplifted, looking down at the crowd with a haughty droop in their eyelids." Rose "did not laugh at the clown jiggling by in a pony-cart, for there was a face between her and all that followed--the face of a bare-armed knight, with brown hair and a curling mustache, whose proud neck had a curve in it as he bent his head to speak to his rearing horse.... His face was fine, like pictures she had seen."

In the afternoon Rose attended the performance in the tent and "sat in a



dream of delight as the band began to play.... Then the music struck into a splendid gallop and out from the curtained mysteries beyond, the knights and ladies darted, two by two, in glory of crimson and gold, and green and silver. At their head rode the man with the brown mustache." A little later "six men dressed in tights of blue and white and orange ran into the ring, and her hero led them. He wore blue and silver, and on his breast was a rosette. He looked a god to her. His naked limbs, his proud neck, the lofty carriage of his head, made her shiver with emotion. They all came to her, lit by the white radiance; they were not naked, they were beautiful.... They invested their nakedness with something which exalted them. They became objects of luminous beauty to her, tho she knew nothing of art. To see him bow and kiss his fingers to the audience was a revelation of manly grace and courtesy." When at last the show was over and Rose went out into the open air, "it seemed strange to see the same blue sky arching the earth; things seemed exactly the same, and yet Rose had grown older. She had developed immeasurably in those few hours." As they looked back at the tents, Rose knew that "something sweet and splendid and mystical was passing out of her life after a few hours' stay there. Her feeling of loss was none the less real because it was indefinable to her."

She never saw this acrobat again, and after a little while she knew that she did not want to see him. He lingered in her memory, a vision from another world than any she had ever dreamed--a world of heroic romance and of lofty idealism. "She began to live for him, her ideal. She set him on high as a being to be worshiped, as a man fit to be her judge. In the days and weeks which followed she asked herself: 'Would he like me to do this?' When the sunset was very beautiful, she thought of him.... Vast ambitions began in her.... She would do something great for his sake.... In short, she consecrated herself to him as to a king, and seized upon every chance to educate herself to be worthy of him." And while her soul was thus expanding under the influence of this poetic idealization of a manly figure revealed to her only for two or three hours, all unconsciously she patterned her movements upon his. She walked with a free stride, and her body came to have the easy carriage of the athlete. Later, when Rose had matured into a beauty of her own, she confessed to an elder woman this sentimental awakening in her early girlhood; and it became evident to her friend that "the beautiful poise of the head, and supple swing of the girl's body was in part due to the suggestion of the man's perfect grace."

## II

To the realistic imagination of the boy, Huck, the circus was a fleeting spectacle of beauty; and to the romantic imagination of the girl, Rose, it lingered long as a dream of poetry. Young Americans, both of them, living in these modern days when the human form, male and female, is decorously dissembled and disguised by ugly and complicated garments, they had been allowed by the exceptional freedom of the circus to

recapture something of the frank and innocent delight of the Greeks in the beauty of the body, in its beauty merely as a body, and not as the habitation of the mind and the soul. Alert as the Greeks were to admire the deeds of the mind--no race ever more so--they were no less keen in their appreciation of the things of the body. They were glad to crown the poet for his lyric conquest, but they bestowed the laurel wreath also on the athlete who had won to the front in the race. The lofty nobility of their tragedy testifies to the clarity of their intelligence; and the supreme power of their sculpture is evidence of their loving study of the human body, bearing itself in beauty, clad in few and flowing garments which allowed the eye to follow the free play of the muscles.

It is only in the circus or the gymnasium or the swimming-pool that we moderns are permitted to behold what was a daily spectacle to the Greeks; and it is because the circus preserves for us this occasional privilege that it deserves to survive. The jocularities of the clowns, the intricate evolutions of the trained animals, the golden glitter of the gorgeous cavalcades--all these are but the casual accompaniments of the essential privilege of the circus to present to us a succession of men and women, with their bodies in perfect condition, to exhibit to us that purely physical beauty which we are ever in danger of overlooking or even forgetting. These acrobats, slim and handsome, as Huck Finn found them, in their "shirts and drawers," may display their daring and their grace, standing on a circling steed or swinging from a flying trapeze, revolving on a horizontal bar or building themselves up into human pyramids on the bark of the arena; but, except for the sake of variety, the way in which they may choose to exhibit their skill and to show themselves is unimportant. What is important is that we may have the shifting spectacle of the human body in the highest condition of physical efficiency, delighting our eyes by obedience to the everlasting laws of beauty.

While the Greeks had far more opportunities than are vouchsafed to us moderns to behold the human body exhibiting its strength and its skill in graceful play, we have the advantage that many of the most effective exercises are latter-day inventions. It seems unlikely that the Athenians and the Spartans, even tho they were horsemen, had attained to the art of bareback riding; they may have bestraddled a saddleless steed, but they had not learned how to stand on his back, and to turn somersets in time with the stride of the horse. It is, of course, possible that they were familiar with this, but no sculpture and no vase-painting, no anecdote in the works of the prose-writers, and no line of the lyrists survives to authorize us to believe it. And it is fairly certain, also, that they lacked the horizontal bar, which affords limitless possibilities to the adventurous acrobat of our own times, both when it is erected singly and when it is combined in sets of three, either fixed in the arena or raised aloft in the air to produce the appearance of a remoter ethereality.

The trapeze has a name of Greek origin, and it was possibly known to the Greeks. But the Greeks did not foresee the full possibilities of the trapeze, since its most startling utilization, the feat known as the Flying Trapeze, was invented by the French acrobat, Léotard, only a little later than the middle of the nineteenth century. The Flying Trapeze is the ultimate achievement of acrobatic art, and it demands the utmost combination of skilful strength and of easy grace. It was a feat that the Greeks would have appreciated and enjoyed, since it demanded and disclosed the perfection of physical courage and of physical skill. Of late, the Flying Trapeze has been complicated and doubled in difficulty by the introduction of a second performer, who at first makes the leap simultaneously with his partner, and afterward separates from him and springs thru the air to the trapeze which his associate has just abandoned, the pair thus floating past each other in mid-air. In this more elaborated form the task is more perilous, no doubt, and far less easy of accomplishment; but it cannot be achieved with quite the same graceful mastery as when a single performer seems to glide ethereally from bar to bar, as tho it was impossible for him to fall or to fail to catch his almost invisible support. This graceful mastery was the most marked characteristic of Léotard, the original inventor of the Flying Trapeze; and it may be doubted whether any of those who have followed the path he traced thru the air, and who have vanquished difficulties beyond those which he conquered, have been able to outdo him in the abiding essential of grace.

### III

The overcoming of difficulty is one of the elements of the pleasure which we take in any art, and part of our enjoyment of a sonnet, for example, must be ascribed to the apparent ease with which the poet is able to express his thought, amply and completely, within the rigid limitations of his fourteen lines, with their prescribed arrangement of five or six rimes. But our delight is diminished if we are made conscious of the effort it has cost the artist to attain his aim. Many a later performer on the Flying Trapeze let us see that the feats he is attempting are so difficult that they cannot be accomplished without obvious effort. That is to say, we are made aware that the acrobat is exhibiting a "stunt," and this is bad art. Difficulty overcome is worth while only when it is overcome seemingly without any strain, and when art is sufficient to conceal itself. However difficult the artist's achievement may be, its charm is doubled if he can make it appear to be easy.

It happens that I am able to bring his personal testimony to the fact that this was the principle which always governed Léotard himself. When the French gymnast paid his only visit to the United States, more than forty years ago, he used to practise in a gymnasium which I also frequented. He spoke no English, and I had a little school-boy French,

so that a certain intimacy sprang up. One day Léotard asked me to swing a trapeze for him, and he sprang off and caught it with a single hand, and then as the second trapeze returned he twisted and grasped the first trapeze again with one hand. This evoked from me an immediate exclamation of astonishment and admiration at the startling conquest of difficulty, and it was followed by the natural question why so extraordinary a feat had never been exhibited in public. Léotard explained that the leaps from trapeze to trapeze with the aid of one hand only must be lopsided, since the body is inevitably more or less twisted, and he added that as there was an unavoidable and ungraceful wrenching of the person, he had determined never to exhibit this feat in public, difficult as it might be.

But altho Léotard was not willing to perform in public with only one hand, it was a most invaluable exercise in private. His ability to accomplish his leaps thus handicapped gave him a redoubled confidence when he was using both of his hands. That he was right in resisting the temptation to startle the spectators by a "stunt" of surprising difficulty is beyond question. It could not be made to seem easy, and it could not be accomplished with grace. Therefore it was not fit for exhibition, even tho Léotard might feel sure that he could do it without risk of failure. Here the French acrobat revealed himself as bound by the eternal principles which underlie all the arts, that of the acrobat no less than those of the painter and the poet. There is lack of art in the performances of many acrobats of remarkable skill, who attempt feats which they are not always certain of achieving. Indeed, they are sometimes willing to profit by this very uncertainty. They fail the first time of trying, and even the second, and these failures serve the purpose of advertising to the spectators the difficulty of the task they have undertaken. Then the third time, or the fourth, they succeed, whereupon they reap the unworthy reward of applause from the unthinking.

The artist should never let us see his failures. If he is not certain that he can perform what he promises, then he had better refrain from the attempt. It was in the same winter that Léotard was in New York, in the late sixties of the nineteenth century, that the Hanlon Brothers paid one of their welcome visits to America. The Hanlons they were then, and they were acrobats pure and simple, altho later, when they called themselves the Hanlon-Lees, they had become pantomimists. As acrobats they held fast to the same principles which governed Léotard in his performances. They insisted upon certainty of execution; they never failed to perform the feat they set out to accomplish, and to perform it successfully the first time they attempted it. And no matter how difficult the feat might be, or how novel or how effective, if they could not attain absolute certainty of execution, they refrained from setting it before the public. I was told at the time that there were two or three surprising and alluring exercises which the Hanlons had invented themselves, which they practised laboriously and faithfully all that winter, and which they wisely refrained from ever putting on their

program because they were never able to assure themselves of a uniformly successful result. They could do any one of these feats four times out of five, but the fifth time there would be a miscalculation of energy, and the attempt would have to be repeated. And they were unwilling to let the public witness any performance of theirs which was not perfect in its execution.

#### IV

Here again the modern acrobat, who is guided by a real feeling for his art, is in accord with the principles which the Greeks obeyed. In Attic tragedy, for example, there are no exhibitions of violence, no scuffles, and no assassinations, and this is not so much because the Greeks shrank from scenes of blood, as some critics have vainly contended, but rather because the actors in the Attic drama were raised on thick boots and were topped by towering masks, which made it almost impossible for them to take part in episodes of vigorous action, in hand-to-hand struggles, in murders before the eyes of the spectators, without danger of displacing the mask, and thereby distracting the attention of the audience from the immediate purpose of the dramatic poet. What could not be done gracefully the Greeks refrained from attempting. The exhibition of difficulty for the sake of difficulty, still more the failure to accomplish a "stunt" for the sake of calling attention to its difficulty--these things the Greeks abhorred. They would as surely have disapproved of the misguided artifices of the acrobats who make a practise of failing once or twice in order to multiply the immediate effect of their ultimate success as they would reprove the exhibition of a difficulty conquered for its own sake. It is only in the best acrobatic performances that we moderns are privileged to perceive what was a constant delight to the Greeks--the beauty of the human form, in its finest physical perfection, certain of its strength and easy in its grace.

(1912.)

---

---

Poems from The Project Gutenberg Etext of *An Anthology of Australian Verse*

### **The Australian Sunrise**

James Lister Cuthbertson.

The Morning Star paled slowly, the Cross hung low to the sea,  
And down the shadowy reaches the tide came swirling free,  
The lustrous purple blackness of the soft Australian night,  
Waned in the gray awakening that heralded the light;  
Still in the dying darkness, still in the forest dim  
The pearly dew of the dawning clung to each giant limb,

Till the sun came up from ocean, red with the cold sea mist,  
And smote on the limestone ridges, and the shining tree-tops kissed;  
Then the fiery Scorpion vanished, the magpie's note was heard,  
And the wind in the she-oak wavered, and the honeysuckles stirred,  
The airy golden vapour rose from the river breast,  
The kingfisher came darting out of his crannied nest,  
And the bulrushes and reed-beds put off their sallow gray  
And burnt with cloudy crimson at dawning of the day.

## **Andy's gone with Cattle**

Henry Lawson.

Our Andy's gone to battle now  
'Gainst Drought, the red marauder;  
Our Andy's gone with cattle now  
Across the Queensland border.

He's left us in dejection now;  
Our hearts with him are roving.  
It's dull on this selection now,  
Since Andy went a-droving.

Who now shall wear the cheerful face  
In times when things are slackest?  
And who shall whistle round the place  
When Fortune frowns her blackest?

Oh, who shall cheek the squatter now  
When he comes round us snarling?  
His tongue is growing hotter now  
Since Andy cross'd the Darling.

The gates are out of order now,  
In storms the "riders" rattle;  
For far across the border now  
Our Andy's gone with cattle.

Oh, may the showers in torrents fall,  
And all the tanks run over;  
And may the grass grow green and tall  
In pathways of the drover;

And may good angels send the rain  
On desert stretches sandy;  
And when the summer comes again  
God grant 'twill bring us Andy.

## Autumn

David MacDonald Ross

When, with low moanings on the distant shore,  
Like vain regrets, the ocean-tide is rolled:  
When, thro' bare boughs, the tale of death is told  
By breezes sighing, "Summer days are o'er";  
When all the days we loved -- the days of yore --  
Lie in their vaults, dead Kings who ruled of old --  
Unrobed and sceptreless, uncrowned with gold,  
Conquered, and to be crowned, ah! never more.

If o'er the bare fields, cold and whitening  
With the first snow-flakes, I should see thy form,  
And meet and kiss thee, that were enough of Spring;  
Enough of sunshine, could I feel the warm  
Glad beating of thy heart 'neath Winter's wing,  
Tho' Earth were full of whirlwind and of storm.

---

## AMY'S CRUELTY

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Vers de Société Anthology*, by Various

FAIR Amy of the terraced House!  
Assist me to discover  
Why you, who would not hurt a mouse,  
Can torture so a lover?

You give your coffee to the cat,  
You stroke the dog for coming,  
And all your face grows kinder at  
The little brown bee's humming.

But when he haunts your door—the town  
Marks coming and marks going—  
You seem to have stitched your eyelids down  
To that long piece of sewing!

You never give a look, not you,  
Nor drop him a "Good-morning,"  
To keep his long day warm and blue,  
So fretted by your scorning.

She shook her head—"The mouse and bee  
For crumb or flower will linger;  
The dog is happy at my knee,  
The cat purrs at my finger.

"But he—to him, the least thing given  
Means great things at a distance:  
He wants my world, my sun, my heaven,  
Soul, body, whole existence.

"They say love gives as well as takes;  
But I'm a simple maiden,—  
My mother's first smile when she wakes  
I still have smiled and prayed in.

"I only know my mother's love,  
Which gives all and asks nothing;  
And this new loving sets the groove  
Too much the way of loathing.

"Unless he gives me all in 'change,  
I forfeit all things by him;  
The risk is terrible and strange;  
I tremble, doubt—deny him.

"His sweetest friend, or hardest foe,  
Best angel or worst devil,  
I either hate—or love him so,  
I can't be merely civil!

"Such love's a cowslip-ball to fling,  
A moment's pretty pastime;  
I give—all me, if anything,  
The first time, and the last time.

"Dear neighbour of the trellised house!  
A man should murmur never,  
Though treated worse than dog or mouse,  
Till doted on for ever."

---



## AULD LANG SYNE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Balloons*, by Elizabeth Bibesco

[ To HAROLD NICOLSON ]

It was delightful to be back in England after two and a half years. Two and a half years of India, of pomp and circumstance and being envied, of heat and homesickness and loneliness. How starved she had felt--starved of little intellectual coteries with their huge intellectual sensations--starved of new books and old pictures and music, of moss roses and primroses and bluebell woods, starved even into the selfishness of coming home, urged away by Robert, who did not know how to be selfish. Thinking of him made her feel very tender and very small. His iron public spirit, his inevitable devotion to duty, unconscious and instinctive and uncensorious, combined with a guilty sense that her youth and beauty had been uprooted by him, and put into a dusty distant soil. He was more convinced than any one of the importance of books and music and intellectual interests (he never read and did not know one note from another) because they were important to her and had therefore received a consecration they could never have had by merely being important to him. It was all so very simple--What she admired was beautiful; what she laughed at was funny; what she loved was divine--And she belonged to him--Robert. It was a miracle that found him every night on his knees in humble gratitude. She had, he thought, been so wonderfully good, walking on his red baize carpets as if they were fields of flowers, learning Sanscrit with passion and pretending, with what seemed to him complete success, and to them, absolute failure, that she liked Anglo-Indian women. When one by one his staff were incapacitated by love, he never complained. It made them of course useless, but how could they help falling in love with her? It would have been so unnatural if they had not. And when she told him--and to do her justice she knew that she was telling him the truth--that she was not worthy to do up his shoe laces--he would laugh and kiss her hand and send up a little internal prayer to God to be able to do something to deserve his wife.

No wonder he was always urging her to go home--haunted as he was by the feeling of having put her in a prison and, no wonder, not having his iron character, she had finally succumbed--as she so often succumbed to his unselfishness.

How she was loving England! The wet, heavy air--the sky curtained with clouds--the drenched leaves--the saturated flowers--the damp breathing earth--the distant lethargic sun. She could feel a pulse in the sopping soil and her heart beat with it.

Finding her friends too was such an adventure. What struck her most

about them was that they seemed so stationary. There they were, just as she had left them, doing the same things, thinking the same things, saying the same things--fixed points with their lives revolving round them, seeming to have lost the capacity for independent motion.

She and Robert were not like that. Thank God, they were still pilgrims. After all, her life had been a big spacious thing in spite of India, because of India and, even more, because of Robert. Only she did not want to think about it now. Just to go on repeating to herself: "I'm at home. I'm in England."

And she was going to stay with St. John. How excited she would have been four years ago. How her heart had beaten when she heard his footsteps, how she had thrilled when he had said "dear" to her. She remembered the care he had taken of her, the beautiful considerate devotion he had always shown her when she was longing so passionately for other things, trying with all her might and main to make him lose his head. \_How\_ badly she had behaved. She could wonder now dispassionately whether he had \_ever\_ been in love with her. On the whole, she thought, he never had. If she had not been married--it was a silly "if." The most he had said was "you make things very difficult," not a very satisfactory avowal when you came to think it over calmly. But she remembered how it had thrilled her at the time--what a blank cheque of possibilities it had seemed. She remembered, too, the evening when he had talked seriously to her--very gently, very tenderly, very gravely. She had thought he was going to say, "I don't want to be made unhappy," and, instead, he had said, "I don't want you to be unhappy." That had been a nasty one. How she had lashed him with her tongue! What inexhaustible reserves of icy acid she had brought forward.

She had tried to hurt him as much as ever she could. How hurt had he been? She wondered. It was all such very ancient history. And yet he had gone on being fond of her. Fonder and fonder--men were so odd.

So many things had happened since then. She had been away and he had lost an uncle and inherited a property. And now she was going to stay with him. Last time they had met, two years ago, he had talked to her as if they had had a boy and girl affair thirty years before. She had been very much amused but she had hidden it; hiding your amusement was an essential part of being fond of St. John--a rule of the game, so to speak. That was one of the delightful things about him; to like him at all you had to be really devoted to him and when you had reached that stage, all of the qualities that would have been intolerable in other people became subtly lovable. Somehow they seemed to creep under your wing, compelling you to give them the protection of your own intimate understanding. It was impossible not to make pets of St. John's defects. Ariadne remembered the way he had always tried to keep her out of moral draughts, how he had hated to see her in a room with any one of a doubtful reputation, how her habit of taking off her hat in motors in

towns got on his nerves.

"But if it tires my head," she would say, and he would explain very seriously what an intimate gesture it was.

Then as she always rested before dinner, people would come to tea with her in her bedroom. St. John didn't like it at all. There was to him something inherently disreputable about the horizontal. If she were too tired to sit up in an armchair, she was too tired to see any one--except him, of course, who understood her (which was just what he didn't do).

"But my back does ache so easily. After all, if I were really ill you wouldn't mind."

"That is different."

"How ill do I have to be before I can abdicate the perpendicular in the presence of a young man?" He consoled himself with the thought that she was extremely, exceptionally innocent. She told him that thousands of people were extremely, exceptionally innocent. It was a fact which could never be explained to juries. St. John doubted it. He believed in a vast number of rules to which all of the people he liked and most of the people he knew were exceptions.

The train drew up at the platform. Ariadne got out. The footman explained to her that his Lordship was so very sorry not to be able to come to the station, but he was attending a cattle show.

"Of course," said Ariadne, and she felt it.

She got into the brougham--it was so characteristic of St. John not to use a motor in the country--which had that delightful, almost forgotten, smell of broughams, and drove through an avenue of oaks up to the fine old Georgian house, dignified and mellow and lived in--a house proud of its cellar and its stables--of its linen and its silver--a house where men were men and women were women--where the master hunted and sat on the Bench, and the mistress embroidered and looked after the household--each having his separate functions and the one joint one of propagating the race.

In the hall, St. John's housekeeper, in a black taffetas apron, welcomed her.

"His Lordship would be most distressed not to have been there when her ladyship arrived, but the cattle show----"

"Of course," said Ariadne, and hinted at a quite special awareness of the importance of Cattle Shows.

Her bedroom was immense--there were lavender bags in all the drawers, and flowers on the dressing table, the fire was lit and there was boiling water in the shiny pale brass can. Her maid, the housekeeper explained, was sleeping in the dressing room. On the table by her bed was a glass box of biscuits, "The Wrong Box," "Omar Khayyam" and Lucas Malet's last novel.

Ariadne was smiling with happiness. Talk about the joys of the unexpected, can they compare with the joys of the expected, of finding everything delightfully and completely what you knew it was going to be? There was a tap at the door.

"Come in."

"It's I." (St. John never said "It's me.")

She threw open the door.

"Do come in," she said, and then, with a little stab of extra pleasure, she wondered if he would be shocked by her flimsy pink dressing gown and her bare feet.

"St. John," she put out both her hands. "I \_am\_ happy to be here."

He took them and held them quite tight, then he kissed them.

"Little Ariadne," he said.

It was, she supposed, a way of getting over the dressing gown.

"You look younger than ever," he said.

"It's my hair being down," she murmured.

He asked her if she had had a good journey, and whether the housekeeper had seen that she had everything she wanted.

She asked him if the cattle show had been a success.

He said he really must dress for dinner, and so must she.

"Ariadne," he put his hand on her arm, "it's good to have you here."

There was an emotion welling up in his voice that surprised her. He turned his back and left the room rather hurriedly. She realised that he had almost kissed her. Would he have said, "I'm sorry, but you looked such a baby," or, "Forgive me, it was seeing you again after so long," or, "Ariadne, can you forgive me? I lost my head."

She plumped for the baby, and wondered if the visit could conceivably be going to be a slight strain. In old days there had always been a certain tenseness about their relationship, made worse by her attempts to topple over his gentlemanliness. She had felt that if her wish could have been gratified just once, she would have been released from it and never have wanted to repeat the experiment. Also a little of the responsibility would have been his--thus obliterating the irritating daily spectacle of his untarnished blamelessness.

Of course he had never been in love with her. She had always been buoyed up by little things she wouldn't even have noticed in some one she hadn't cared about. If there were acute disquieting moments when the troublante quality of her loveliness tossed him about unmercifully--weren't they moments that any stranger might go through sitting next to her at dinner? No--the truth always had been that he was really fond of her.

"I'm glad now," she smiled to herself, "how lucky that we can't always sculpt our own relationships."

She went down to dinner--in the huge hall full of armchairs and cushions and antlers and comfort St. John stood with his back to the fire smoking a cigarette which he threw into the grate when he saw her (St. John invariably threw away his cigarette when you came into the room and then asked your permission to light a new one. In her mind's eye Ariadne always saw him opening the door for his wife after a violent scene with her).

"My dear," she said, "what a divine house."

"The wing you are sleeping in was built by the fifth Lord...."

"The staircase was designed by...."

"The mantelpieces in the drawing room...."

"After dinner I will show you...."

Dinner was announced.

She tucked her hand under his arm.

"Are you going to take me in to dinner, St. John?"

"Of course," he smiled at her.

The dining room was big enough to reduce the immense pieces of Georgian silver--beautiful they were--to reasonable proportions.

St. John said there were some very fine pieces of Queen Anne which he would show her.

"There was," she murmured, "nothing like Queen Anne."

The attentiveness of the footman and even of the butler did not seem to her to be entirely confined to their wants.

St. John asked her questions about India, which she answered as she answered travelling Europeans--correctly, concisely, and without any frills of vocabulary. It was quite possible, she reflected, that St. John wanted to know the answers to his questions. That was the worst of being abroad so much, you were always either trying to tell things it bored people to hear, or else they were determined to hear things that it bored you to tell. Her mind wandered to the curious tide-like quality of interest, the way it advanced and retreated in a conversation.

St. John was explaining what a quiet life he had led. Perhaps, to her, it would have even seemed dull. (This to him was rhetorical paradox, and to her an obvious truth.) She did not know, he said, what it meant to feel that the land belonged to you--to see your own flowers growing, your own calves being born--to feel yourself surrounded by your own people, for whose happiness and welfare you were responsible.

Ariadne said that inheritance was a sacred trust (it was wonderful how easy she found it to talk like St. John).

"Yes," he said, "that is just it--a sacred trust. Why, I hardly ever go up to London now, and when I do, I feel quite homesick till I get here again."

They got up from dinner.

"Shall we go and sit in the library?" he said.

They sat one on either side of the fire. She felt like an ancestress or a family portrait. The rosy haze of her tea-gown looked strange and alien fluttering in the huge leather armchair.

"What a wisp you look," St. John said. She remembered how satisfactory her tininess had always been to him. "I think I could blow you away with a puff of smoke."

"I am a limpet really," she laughed, "think how I have stuck to your life."

"Thank God," he affirmed fervently.

"Are you still a great flirt, St. John?"

He looked at her in amazement.

"You have surely not forgotten the way you played fast and loose with me?"

"Ariadne," he was using the firm voice she knew so well, "you mustn't talk like that."

"But you did. Don't you remember that dinner you gave when we went to the L----'s ball and you never danced with me till seventeen minutes past one?"

"My dear, I was saving you up. The joy after all the duties."

"You never told me so."

"There were a lot of things I never told you."

"I tried so hard to make you."

"It was so hard not to."

"St. John," she said, "the things you didn't tell me, were they true?"

"Yes, they were true."

He had got up and knelt by her chair.

She put her hand on his head.

"St. John," she said. Should she tell him that they were not true? That he was building up a retrospective passion which had never existed? That what he supposed to have been renunciation and self-control and chivalry had in reality been a rather tactfully steered unflammable affection? Why his voice now was far more broken up and moved than she had ever heard it before. Of course he had not been in love with her. She had never realised it as clearly as to-night. For a moment he put his face in her lap, then he kissed her hands--reverently, in memory of his great sacrifice.

"May I smoke a cigarette?" he asked.

"Please do."

He went back to his chair.

She was, he said, a wonderful friend.

So, she said, was he.

They talked about his family and her family--a little about their mutual friends and a lot about friends of his that she had never seen.

They talked about furniture and gardens.

There were, he said, a lot of subjects on which he wanted her advice.

It was all very domestic, their two armchairs and the fire--the dying fire. He must, she supposed, be imagining that they were married, seeing her at the head of the table, in the family pew. She wondered if he would have let her re-set the family jewels. Perhaps his mind had reached the nursery. He was dreaming of children, his children, her children, their children.

Dear St. John. She looked at him tenderly. She longed to explain what an unsuitable wife she would have made him.

"What are you thinking about?" her voice was very gentle.

"I was thinking of the cattle I bought to-day, and wondering what sort of fencing I should put up at the bottom of the drive. Ariadne, you remember how gregarious I used to be; well, you can't think how perfectly happy I am living here alone."

Smiles were popping out of her face shamelessly. No sooner had she kept one out of her eyes than it reappeared on her lips.

"Dear St. John," she said, "I do love you."

He looked, she thought, a little alarmed.

"Not like that, that is all over."

"Quite over?"

"Quite--are you glad?"

"If it makes you happier," and then, "No, I'm damned if I'm glad."

"Thank you, St. John," she was laughing a little.

He looked puzzled, even rather disappointed.

She had broken the rules and laughed.

"How lucky you didn't say that to me four years ago."



"Don't," he said sharply.

"I'm sorry."

He was lighting her candle.

"To-morrow," he said, "you will choose the colour of the garden gates and advise me about the fencing."

"That \_will\_ be fun."

She shivered.

"Are you cold?"

"One is always cold after India."

He took her to the door of her bedroom.

"Good-night--God bless you," he said.

She put her two hands on his shoulders and, bending forward, she kissed him lightly. It was a cruel way of showing him that she didn't care any more.

"What a revengeful woman I am, punishing him after all these years," she thought.

But he didn't see it like that.

"I think I deserve her trust," he said to himself, and then his thoughts, let out to graze, returned to the subject of fences.

"Robert," wrote Ariadne, "I am homesick for India."

---

This Project Gutenberg etext was produced from Science Fiction Stories 1953. Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.

\_It's well established now that the way you put a question often determines not only the answer you'll get, but the type of answer possible. So ... a mechanical answerer, geared to produce the ultimate revelations in reference to anything you want to know, might have unsuspected limitations.\_

## **\_ASK A FOOLISH QUESTION\_**

\_by\_ ROBERT SHECKLEY

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration]

Answerer was built to last as long as was necessary--which was quite long, as some races judge time, and not long at all, according to others. But to Answerer, it was just long enough.

As to size, Answerer was large to some and small to others. He could be viewed as complex, although some believed that he was really very simple.

Answerer knew that he was as he should be. Above and beyond all else, he was The Answerer. He Knew.

Of the race that built him, the less said the better. They also Knew, and never said whether they found the knowledge pleasant.

They built Answerer as a service to less-sophisticated races, and departed in a unique manner. Where they went only Answerer knows.

Because Answerer knows everything.

Upon his planet, circling his sun, Answerer sat. Duration continued, long, as some judge duration, short as others judge it. But as it should be, to Answerer.

Within him were the Answers. He knew the nature of things, and why things are as they are, and what they are, and what it all means.

Answerer could answer anything, provided it was a legitimate question. And he wanted to! He was eager to!

How else should an Answerer be?

What else should an Answerer do?

So he waited for creatures to come and ask.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How do you feel, sir?" Morran asked, floating gently over to the old man.

"Better," Lingman said, trying to smile. No-weight was a vast relief. Even though Morran had expended an enormous amount of fuel, getting into space under minimum acceleration, Lingman's feeble heart hadn't liked it. Lingman's heart had balked and sulked, pounded angrily against the brittle rib-case, hesitated and sped up. It seemed for a time as though Lingman's heart was going to stop, out of sheer pique.

But no-weight was a vast relief, and the feeble heart was going again.

Morran had no such problems. His strong body was built for strain and stress. He wouldn't experience them on this trip, not if he expected old Lingman to live.

"I'm going to live," Lingman muttered, in answer to the unspoken question. "Long enough to find out." Morran touched the controls, and the ship slipped into sub-space like an eel into oil.

"We'll find out," Morran murmured. He helped the old man unstrap himself. "We're going to find the Answerer!"

Lingman nodded at his young partner. They had been reassuring themselves for years. Originally it had been Lingman's project. Then Morran, graduating from Cal Tech, had joined him. Together they had traced the rumors across the solar system. The legends of an ancient humanoid race who had known the answer to all things, and who had built Answerer and departed.

"Think of it," Morran said. "The answer to everything!" A physicist, Morran had many questions to ask Answerer. The expanding universe; the binding force of atomic nuclei; novae and supernovae; planetary formation; red shift, relativity and a thousand others.

"Yes," Lingman said. He pulled himself to the vision plate and looked out on the bleak prairie of the illusory sub-space. He was a biologist and an old man. He had two questions.

What is life?

What is death?

\* \* \* \* \*

After a particularly-long period of hunting purple, Lek and his friends gathered to talk. Purple always ran thin in the neighborhood of multiple-cluster stars--why, no one knew--so talk was definitely in order.

"Do you know," Lek said, "I think I'll hunt up this Answerer." Lek spoke the Ollgrat language now, the language of imminent decision.

"Why?" Ilm asked him, in the Hvest tongue of light banter. "Why do you want to know things? Isn't the job of gathering purple enough for you?"

"No," Lek said, still speaking the language of imminent decision. "It is not." The great job of Lek and his kind was the gathering of purple. They found purple imbedded in many parts of the fabric of space, minute quantities of it. Slowly, they were building a huge mound of it. What the mound was for, no one knew.

"I suppose you'll ask him what purple is?" Ilm asked, pushing a star out of his way and lying down.

"I will," Lek said. "We have continued in ignorance too long. We must know the true nature of purple, and its meaning in the scheme of things. We must know why it governs our lives." For this speech Lek switched to Ilgret, the language of incipient-knowledge.

Ilm and the others didn't try to argue, even in the tongue of arguments. They knew that the knowledge was important. Ever since the dawn of time, Lek, Ilm and the others had gathered purple. Now it was time to know the ultimate answers to the universe--what purple was, and what the mound was for.

And of course, there was the Answerer to tell them. Everyone had heard of the Answerer, built by a race not unlike themselves, now long departed.

"Will you ask him anything else?" Ilm asked Lek.

"I don't know," Lek said. "Perhaps I'll ask about the stars. There's

really nothing else important." Since Lek and his brothers had lived since the dawn of time, they didn't consider death. And since their numbers were always the same, they didn't consider the question of life.

But purple? And the mound?

"I go!" Lek shouted, in the vernacular of decision-to-fact.

"Good fortune!" his brothers shouted back, in the jargon of greatest-friendship.

Lek strode off, leaping from star to star.

\* \* \* \*

Alone on his little planet, Answerer sat, waiting for the Questioners. Occasionally he mumbled the answers to himself. This was his privilege. He Knew.

But he waited, and the time was neither too long nor too short, for any of the creatures of space to come and ask.

\* \* \* \*

There were eighteen of them, gathered in one place.

"I invoke the rule of eighteen," cried one. And another appeared, who had never before been, born by the rule of eighteen.

"We must go to the Answerer," one cried. "Our lives are governed by the rule of eighteen. Where there are eighteen, there will be nineteen. Why is this so?"

No one could answer.

"Where am I?" asked the newborn nineteenth. One took him aside for instruction.

That left seventeen. A stable number.

"And we must find out," cried another, "Why all places are different, although there is no distance."

That was the problem. One is here. Then one is there. Just like that, no movement, no reason. And yet, without moving, one is in another place.

"The stars are cold," one cried.

"Why?"

"We must go to the Answerer."

For they had heard the legends, knew the tales. "Once there was a race, a good deal like us, and they Knew--and they told Answerer. Then they departed to where there is no place, but much distance."

"How do we get there?" the newborn nineteenth cried, filled now with knowledge.

"We go." And eighteen of them vanished. One was left. Moodily he stared at the tremendous spread of an icy star, then he too vanished.

\* \* \* \*

"Those old legends are true," Morran gasped. "There it is."

They had come out of sub-space at the place the legends told of, and before them was a star unlike any other star. Morran invented a classification for it, but it didn't matter. There was no other like it.

Swinging around the star was a planet, and this too was unlike any other planet. Morran invented reasons, but they didn't matter. This planet was the only one.

"Strap yourself in, sir," Morran said. "I'll land as gently as I can."

\* \* \* \*

Lek came to Answerer, striding swiftly from star to star. He lifted Answerer in his hand and looked at him.

"So you are Answerer," he said.

"Yes," Answerer said.

"Then tell me," Lek said, settling himself comfortably in a gap between the stars, "Tell me what I am."

"A partiality," Answerer said. "An indication."

"Come now," Lek muttered, his pride hurt. "You can do better than that. Now then. The purpose of my kind is to gather purple, and to build a mound of it. Can you tell me the real meaning of this?"

"Your question is without meaning," Answerer said. He knew what purple

actually was, and what the mound was for. But the explanation was concealed in a greater explanation. Without this, Lek's question was inexplicable, and Lek had failed to ask the real question.

Lek asked other questions, and Answerer was unable to answer them. Lek viewed things through his specialized eyes, extracted a part of the truth and refused to see more. How to tell a blind man the sensation of green?

Answerer didn't try. He wasn't supposed to.

Finally, Lek emitted a scornful laugh. One of his little stepping-stones flared at the sound, then faded back to its usual intensity.

Lek departed, striding swiftly across the stars.

\* \* \* \* \*

Answerer knew. But he had to be asked the proper questions first. He pondered this limitation, gazing at the stars which were neither large nor small, but exactly the right size.

The proper questions. The race which built Answerer should have taken that into account, Answerer thought. They should have made some allowance for semantic nonsense, allowed him to attempt an unravelling.

Answerer contented himself with muttering the answers to himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eighteen creatures came to Answerer, neither walking nor flying, but simply appearing. Shivering in the cold glare of the stars, they gazed up at the massiveness of Answerer.

"If there is no distance," one asked, "Then how can things be in other places?"

Answerer knew what distance was, and what places were. But he couldn't answer the question. There was distance, but not as these creatures saw it. And there were places, but in a different fashion from that which the creatures expected.

"Rephrase the question," Answerer said hopefully.

"Why are we short here," one asked, "And long over there? Why are we fat over there, and short here? Why are the stars cold?"

Answerer knew all things. He knew why stars were cold, but he couldn't explain it in terms of stars or coldness.

"Why," another asked, "Is there a rule of eighteen? Why, when eighteen gather, is another produced?"

But of course the answer was part of another, greater question, which hadn't been asked.

Another was produced by the rule of eighteen, and the nineteen creatures vanished.

\* \* \* \* \*

Answerer mumbled the right questions to himself, and answered them.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We made it," Morran said. "Well, well." He patted Lingman on the shoulder--lightly, because Lingman might fall apart.

The old biologist was tired. His face was sunken, yellow, lined. Already the mark of the skull was showing in his prominent yellow teeth, his small, flat nose, his exposed cheekbones. The matrix was showing through.

"Let's get on," Lingman said. He didn't want to waste any time. He didn't have any time to waste.

Helmeted, they walked along the little path.

"Not so fast," Lingman murmured.

"Right," Morran said. They walked together, along the dark path of the planet that was different from all other planets, soaring alone around a sun different from all other suns.

"Up here," Morran said. The legends were explicit. A path, leading to stone steps. Stone steps to a courtyard. And then--the Answerer!

To them, Answerer looked like a white screen set in a wall. To their eyes, Answerer was very simple.

Lingman clasped his shaking hands together. This was the culmination of a lifetime's work, financing, arguing, ferreting bits of legend, ending here, now.

"Remember," he said to Morran, "We will be shocked. The truth will be like nothing we have imagined."



"I'm ready," Morran said, his eyes rapturous.

"Very well. Answerer," Lingman said, in his thin little voice, "What is life?"

A voice spoke in their heads. "The question has no meaning. By 'life,' the Questioner is referring to a partial phenomenon, inexplicable except in terms of its whole."

"Of what is life a part?" Lingman asked.

"This question, in its present form, admits of no answer. Questioner is still considering 'life,' from his personal, limited bias."

"Answer it in your own terms, then," Morran said.

"The Answerer can only answer questions." Answerer thought again of the sad limitation imposed by his builders.

Silence.

"Is the universe expanding?" Morran asked confidently.

"'Expansion' is a term inapplicable to the situation. Universe, as the Questioner views it, is an illusory concept."

"Can you tell us \_anything\_?" Morran asked.

"I can answer any valid question concerning the nature of things."

\* \* \* \* \*

The two men looked at each other.

"I think I know what he means," Lingman said sadly. "Our basic assumptions are wrong. All of them."

"They can't be," Morran said. "Physics, biology--"

"Partial truths," Lingman said, with a great weariness in his voice. "At least we've determined that much. We've found out that our inferences concerning observed phenomena are wrong."

"But the rule of the simplest hypothesis--"

"It's only a theory," Lingman said.

"But life--he certainly could answer what life is?"

"Look at it this way," Lingman said. "Suppose you were to ask, 'Why was I born under the constellation Scorpio, in conjunction with Saturn?' I would be unable to answer your question \_in terms of the zodiac\_, because the zodiac has nothing to do with it."

"I see," Morran said slowly. "He can't answer questions in terms of our assumptions."

"That seems to be the case. And he can't alter our assumptions. He is limited to valid questions--which imply, it would seem, a knowledge we just don't have."

"We can't even ask a valid question?" Morran asked. "I don't believe that. We must know some basics." He turned to Answerer. "What is death?"

"I cannot explain an anthropomorphism."

"Death an anthropomorphism!" Morran said, and Lingman turned quickly. "Now we're getting somewhere!"

"Are anthropomorphisms unreal?" he asked.

"Anthropomorphisms may be classified, tentatively, as, A, false truths, or B, partial truths in terms of a partial situation."

"Which is applicable here?"

"Both."

That was the closest they got. Morran was unable to draw any more from Answerer. For hours the two men tried, but truth was slipping farther and farther away.

"It's maddening," Morran said, after a while. "This thing has the answer to the whole universe, and he can't tell us unless we ask the right question. But how are we supposed to know the right question?"

Lingman sat down on the ground, leaning against a stone wall. He closed his eyes.

"Savages, that's what we are," Morran said, pacing up and down in front of Answerer. "Imagine a bushman walking up to a physicist and asking him why he can't shoot his arrow into the sun. The scientist can explain it only in his own terms. What would happen?"

"The scientist wouldn't even attempt it," Lingman said, in a dim voice; "he would know the limitations of the questioner."

"It's fine," Morran said angrily. "How do you explain the earth's rotation to a bushman? Or better, how do you explain relativity to him--maintaining scientific rigor in your explanation at all times, of course."

Lingman, eyes closed, didn't answer.

"We're bushmen. But the gap is much greater here. Worm and super-man, perhaps. The worm desires to know the nature of dirt, and why there's so much of it. Oh, well."

"Shall we go, sir?" Morran asked. Lingman's eyes remained closed. His taloned fingers were clenched, his cheeks sunk further in. The skull was emerging.

"Sir! Sir!"

And Answerer knew that that was not the answer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alone on his planet, which is neither large nor small, but exactly the right size, Answerer waits. He cannot help the people who come to him, for even Answerer has restrictions.

He can answer only valid questions.

Universe? Life? Death? Purple? Eighteen?

Partial truths, half-truths, little bits of the great question.

But Answerer, alone, mumbles the questions to himself, the true questions, which no one can understand.

How could they understand the true answers?

The questions will never be asked, and Answerer remembers something his builders knew and forgot.

In order to ask a question you must already know most of the answer.

---

## THE ASSIGNATION

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Fifty-One Tales* by Lord Dunsany

Fame singing in the highways, and trifling as she sang, with sordid adventurers, passed the poet by.

And still the poet made for her little chaplets of song, to deck her forehead in the courts of Time: and still she wore instead the worthless garlands, that boisterous citizens flung to her in the ways, made out of perishable things.

And after a while whenever these garlands died the poet came to her with his chaplets of song; and still she laughed at him and wore the worthless wreaths, though they always died at evening.

And one day in his bitterness the poet rebuked her, and said to her: "Lovely Fame, even in the highways and the byways you have not foreborne to laugh and shout and jest with worthless men, and I have toiled for you and dreamed of you and you mock me and pass me by."

And Fame turned her back on him and walked away, but in departing she looked over her shoulder and smiled at him as she had not smiled before, and, almost speaking in a whisper, said:

"I will meet you in the graveyard at the back of the Workhouse in a hundred years."

---

## THE AUSPICIOUS VISION

Project Gutenberg's *Mashi and Other Stories*, by Rabindranath Tagore

Kantichandra was young; yet after his wife's death he sought no second partner, and gave his mind to the hunting of beasts and birds. His body was long and slender, hard and agile; his sight keen; his aim unerring. He dressed like a countryman, and took with him Hira Singh the wrestler, Chakkanlal, Khan Saheb the musician, Mian Saheb, and many others. He had no lack of idle followers.

In the month of \_Agrahayan\_ Kanti had gone out shooting near the swamp of Nydighi with a few sporting companions. They were in boats, and an army of servants, in boats also, filled the bathing- \_ghats\_. The village women found it well-nigh impossible to bathe or to draw water. All day long, land and water trembled to the firing of the guns; and every evening musicians killed the chance of sleep.

One morning as Kanti was seated in his boat cleaning a favourite gun,

he suddenly started at what he thought was the cry of wild duck. Looking up, he saw a village maiden, coming to the water's edge, with two white ducklings clasped to her breast. The little stream was almost stagnant. Many weeds choked the current. The girl put the birds into the water, and watched them anxiously. Evidently the presence of the sportsmen was the cause of her care and not the wildness of the ducks.

The girl's beauty had a rare freshness--as if she had just come from Vishwakarma's[8] workshop. It was difficult to guess her age. Her figure was almost a woman's, but her face was so childish that clearly the world had left no impression there. She seemed not to know herself that she had reached the threshold of youth.

[8] The divine craftsman in Hindu mythology.

Kanti's gun-cleaning stopped for a while. He was fascinated. He had not expected to see such a face in such a spot. And yet its beauty suited its surroundings better than it would have suited a palace. A bud is lovelier on the bough than in a golden vase. That day the blossoming reeds glittered in the autumn dew and morning sun, and the fresh, simple face set in the midst was like a picture of festival to Kanti's enchanted mind. Kalidos has forgotten to sing how Siva's Mountain-Queen herself sometimes has come to the young Ganges, with just such ducklings in her breast. As he gazed, the maiden started in terror, and hurriedly took back the ducks into her bosom with a half-articulate cry of pain. In another moment, she had left the river-bank and disappeared into the bamboo thicket hard by. Looking round, Kanti saw one of his men pointing an unloaded gun at the ducks. He at once went up to him, wrenched away his gun, and bestowed on his cheek a prodigious slap. The astonished humourist finished his joke on the floor. Kanti went on cleaning his gun.

But curiosity drove Kanti to the thicket wherein he had seen the girl disappear. Pushing his way through, he found himself in the yard of a well-to-do householder. On one side was a row of conical thatched barns, on the other a clean cow-shed, at the end of which grew a \_zizyph\_ bush. Under the bush was seated the girl he had seen that morning, sobbing over a wounded dove, into whose yellow beak she was trying to wring a little water from the moist corner of her garment. A grey cat, its fore-paws on her knee, was looking eagerly at the bird, and every now and then, when it got too forward, she kept it in its place by a warning tap on the nose.

This little picture, set in the peaceful mid-day surroundings of the householder's yard, instantly impressed itself on Kanti's sensitive heart. The checkered light and shade, flickering beneath the delicate foliage of the \_zizyph\_, played on the girl's lap. Not far off a cow was chewing the cud, and lazily keeping off the flies with slow

movements of its head and tail. The north wind whispered softly in the rustling bamboo thickets. And she who at dawn on the river-bank had looked like the Forest Queen, now in the silence of noon showed the eager pity of the Divine Housewife. Kanti, coming in upon her with his gun, had a sense of intrusion. He felt like a thief caught red-handed. He longed to explain that it was not he who had hurt the dove. As he wondered how he should begin, there came a call of 'Sudha!' from the house. The girl jumped up. 'Sudha!' came the voice again. She took up her dove, and ran within. 'Sudha,'[9] thought Kanti, 'what an appropriate name!'

[9] \_Sudha\_ means nectar, ambrosia.

Kanti returned to the boat, handed his gun to his men, and went over to the front door of the house. He found a middle-aged Brahmin, with a peaceful, clean-shaven face, seated on a bench outside, and reading a devotional book. Kanti saw in his kindly, thoughtful face something of the tenderness which shone in the face of the maiden.

Kanti saluted him, and said: 'May I ask for some water, sir? I am very thirsty.' The elder man welcomed him with eager hospitality, and, offering him a seat on the bench, went inside and fetched with his own hands a little brass plate of sugar wafers and a bell-metal vessel full of water.

After Kanti had eaten and drunk, the Brahmin begged him to introduce himself. Kanti gave his own name, his father's name, and the address of his home, and then said in the usual way: 'If I can be of any service, sir, I shall deem myself fortunate.'

'I require no service, my son,' said Nabin Banerji; 'I have only one care at present.'

'What is that, sir?' said Kanti.

'It is my daughter, Sudha, who is growing up' (Kanti smiled as he thought of her babyish face), 'and for whom I have not yet been able to find a worthy bridegroom. If I could only see her well married, all my debt to this world would be paid. But there is no suitable bridegroom here, and I cannot leave my charge of Gopinath here, to search for a husband elsewhere.'

'If you would see me in my boat, sir, we would have a talk about the marriage of your daughter.' So saying, Kanti repeated his salute and went back. He then sent some of his men into the village to inquire, and in answer heard nothing but praise of the beauty and virtues of the Brahmin's daughter.

When next day the old man came to the boat on his promised visit,

Kanti bent low in salutation, and begged the hand of his daughter for himself. The Brahmin was so much overcome by this undreamed-of piece of good fortune--for Kanti not only belonged to a well-known Brahmin family, but was also a landed proprietor of wealth and position--that at first he could hardly utter a word in reply. He thought there must have been some mistake, and at length mechanically repeated: 'You desire to marry my daughter?'

'If you will deign to give her to me,' said Kanti.

'You mean Sudha?' he asked again.

'Yes,' was the reply.

'But will you not first see and speak to her----?'

Kanti, pretending he had not seen her already, said: 'Oh, that we shall do at the moment of the Auspicious Vision.'<sup>[10]</sup>

[10] After betrothal the prospective bride and bridegroom are not supposed to see each other again till that part of the wedding ceremony which is called \_the Auspicious Vision\_.

In a voice husky with emotion the old man said: 'My Sudha is indeed a good girl, well skilled in all the household arts. As you are so generously taking her on trust, may she never cause you a moment's regret. This is my blessing!'

The brick-built mansion of the Mazumdars had been borrowed for the wedding ceremony, which was fixed for next \_Magh\_, as Kanti did not wish to delay. In due time the bridegroom arrived on his elephant, with drums and music and with a torchlight procession, and the ceremony began.

When the bridal couple were covered with the scarlet screen for the rite of the Auspicious Vision, Kanti looked up at his bride. In that bashful, downcast face, crowned with the wedding coronet and bedecked with sandal paste, he could scarcely recognise the village maiden of his fancy, and in the fulness of his emotion a mist seemed to becloud his eyes.

At the gathering of women in the bridal chamber, after the wedding ceremony was over, an old village dame insisted that Kanti himself should take off his wife's bridal veil. As he did so he started back. It was not the same girl.

Something rose from within his breast and pierced into his brain. The light of the lamps seemed to grow dim, and darkness to tarnish the face of the bride herself.

At first he felt angry with his father-in-law. The old scoundrel had shown him one girl, and married him to another. But on calmer reflection he remembered that the old man had not shown him any daughter at all--that it was all his own fault. He thought it best not to show his arrant folly to the world, and took his place again with apparent calmness.

He could swallow the powder; he could not get rid of its taste. He could not bear the merry-makings of the festive throng. He was in a blaze of anger with himself as well as with everybody else.

Suddenly he felt the bride, seated by his side, give a little start and a suppressed scream; a leveret, scampering into the room, had brushed across her feet. Close upon it followed the girl he had seen before. She caught up the leveret into her arms, and began to caress it with an affectionate murmuring. 'Oh, the mad girl!' cried the women as they made signs to her to leave the room. She heeded them not, however, but came and unconcernedly sat in front of the wedded pair, looking into their faces with a childish curiosity. When a maidservant came and took her by the arm to lead her away, Kanti hurriedly interposed, saying, 'Let her be.'

'What is your name?' he then went on to ask her.

The girl swayed backwards and forwards but gave no reply. All the women in the room began to titter.

Kanti put another question: 'Have those ducklings of yours grown up?'

The girl stared at him as unconcernedly as before.

The bewildered Kanti screwed up courage for another effort, and asked tenderly after the wounded dove, but with no avail. The increasing laughter in the room betokened an amusing joke.

At last Kanti learned that the girl was deaf and dumb, the companion of all the animals and birds of the locality. It was but by chance that she rose the other day when the name of Sudha was called.

Kanti now received a second shock. A black screen lifted from before his eyes. With a sigh of intense relief, as of escape from calamity, he looked once more into the face of his bride. Then came the true Auspicious Vision. The light from his heart and from the smokeless lamps fell on her gracious face; and he saw it in its true radiance, knowing that Nabin's blessing would find fulfilment.

---



## THE AWFUL LITTLE GOBLIN

Im Bang.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Korean Folk Tales*, by Im Bang and Yi Ryuk

There was an occasion for a celebration in the home of a nobleman of Seoul, whereupon a feast, to which were invited all the family friends, was prepared. There was a great crowd of men and women. In front of the women's quarters there suddenly appeared an uncombed, ugly-looking boy about fifteen years of age. The host and guests, thinking him a coolie who had come in the train of some visitor, did not ask specially concerning him, but one of the women guests, seeing him in the inner quarters, sent a servant to reprimand him and put him out. The boy, however, did not move, so the servant said to him, "Who are you, anyway, and with whom did you come, that you enter the women's quarters, and even when told to go out do not go?"

The boy, however, stood stock-still, just as he had been, with no word of reply.

The company looked at him in doubt, and began to ask one another whose he was and with whom he had come. Again they had the servant make inquiry, but still there was no reply. The women then grew very angry, and ordered him to be put out. Several took hold of him and tried to pull him, but he was like a fixed rock, fast in the earth, absolutely immovable. In helpless rage they informed the men.

The men, hearing this, sent several strong servants, who took hold all at once, but he did not budge a hair. They asked, "Who are you, anyway?" but he gave no reply. The crowd, then enraged, sent ten strong men with ropes to bind him, but like a giant mountain he remained fast, so that they recognized that he could not be moved by man's power.

One guest remarked, "But he, too, is human; why cannot he be moved?" They then sent five or six giant fellows with clubs to smash him to pieces, and they laid on with all their might. It looked as though he would be crushed like an egg-shell, while the sound of their pounding was like reverberating thunder. But just as before, not a hair did he turn, not a wink did he give.

Then the crowd began to fear, saying, "This is not a man, but a god," so they entered the courtyard, one and all, and began to bow before him, joining their hands and supplicating earnestly. They kept this up for a long time.

At last the boy gave a sarcastic smile, turned round, went out of

the gate and disappeared.

The company, frightened out of their wits, called off the feast. From that day on, the people of that house were taken ill, including host and guests. Those who scolded him, those who tied him with ropes, those who pounded him, all died in a few days. Other members of the company, too, contracted typhus and the like, and died also.

It was commonly held that the boy was the Too-uk Spirit, but we cannot definitely say. Strange, indeed!

Note.--When the time comes for a clan to disappear from the earth, calamity befalls it. Even though a great spirit should come in at the door at such a feast time, if the guests had done as Confucius suggests, "Be reverent and distant," instead of insulting him and making him more malignant than ever, they would have escaped. Still, devils and men were never intended to dwell together.